TED KOPPEL AND THE BLACK MAN'S BURDEN

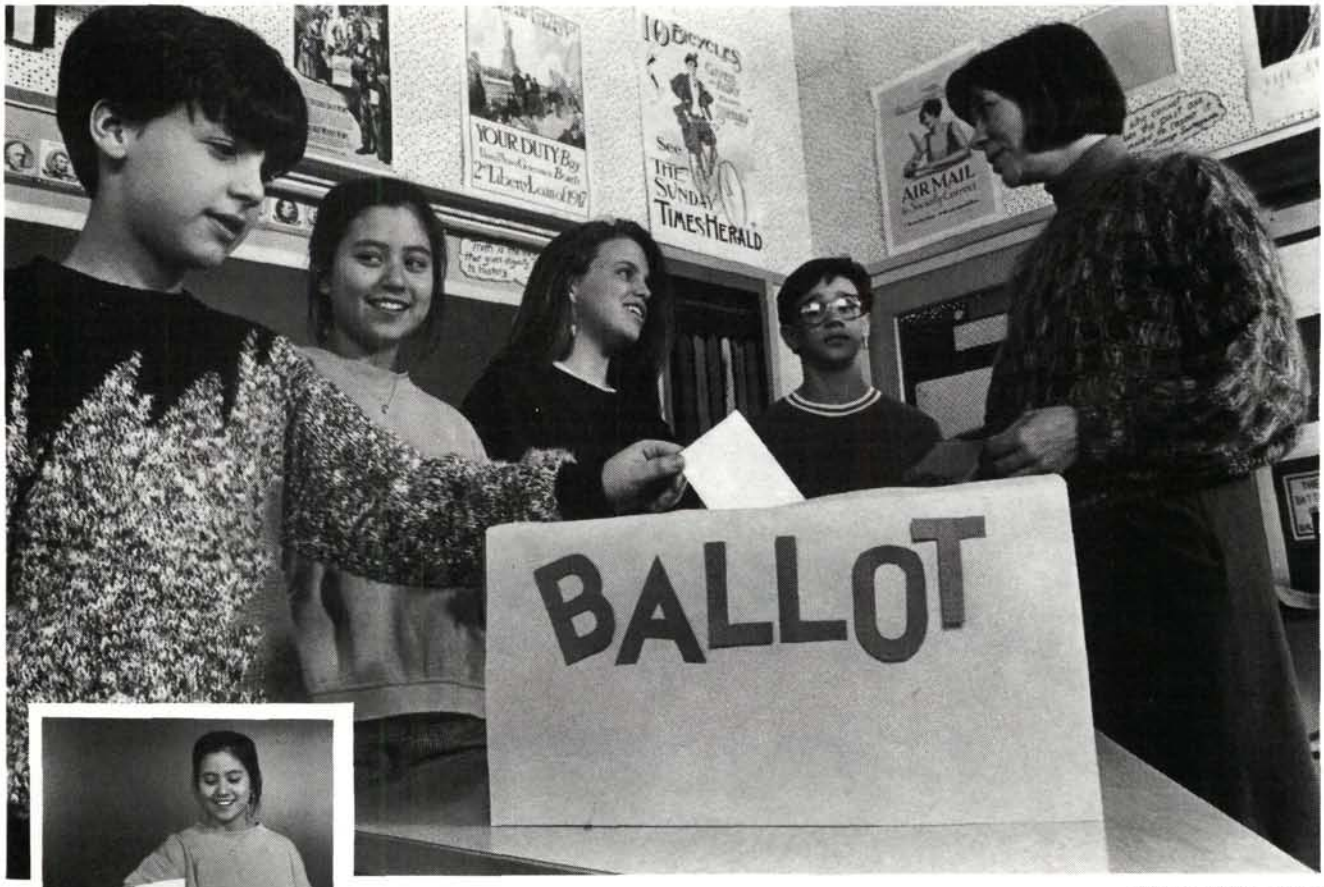
JUNE 5, 1989 · $2.50

THE NEW REPUBLIC

The Frank Lorenzo Story · Poland's Silver Screen · Philip Larkin, Mystic

TX 75755
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE 1990
HAMMER LIB 22#0A
69097G LAB A0R00099 H458 JAN08
#LABA0R00097#
#729D**********3-DIGIT 757
87445

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Photos by Marjorie Nichols

Learning To Learn And Loving It!

At Diamond Middle School in Lexington, Massachusetts, teachers recently began working with students to decide everything from lunchroom rules to the daily schedule. This helps students sharpen the decision-making skills they'll need to become effective citizens.

Diamond is just one of scores of schools around the United States where the National Education Association is helping teachers—and their communities—come together and try exciting new approaches to education.

Through these innovations, students are learning to discover their unique abilities. They're learning to love learning.

Find out more about NEA's efforts to build an education system second to none. Write: Learning, National Education Association, 1201 16th Street N.W., Washington, DC 20036.

nea

National Education Association
1201 Sixteenth Street, N.W.
Washington, DC 20036

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

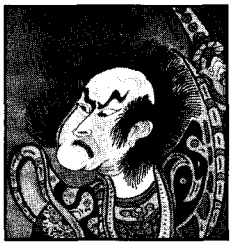
A Weekly Journal of Opinion

JUNE 5, 1989

FOUNDED 1914
WASHINGTON, D.C.
ISSUE 3,881

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Pine Sandy, Texas

RECEIVED
MAY 24 1989



COVER by Vint Lawrence for THE NEW REPUBLIC. Articles on pages 7 and 22.

4 TRB FROM WASHINGTON **MR. EX-PRESIDENT** Jimmy Carter es muy macho.

6 CORRESPONDENCE Income inequality, the Chilean purple perils.

7 THE EDITORS **BROKEN AXIS** Calm down. The postwar success of Japan and Germany means we won the war, not that we'll have to refight it. **SURRENDER, MANNY** Noriega deserves a dog's death, but that's not what we recommend. **KENNEDY JUSTICE** Does America need another Voting Rights law?

11 MARGARET CARLSON **ONE OF THE BOYS** Why Capitol Hill didn't care about the violent past of John Mack, Jim Wright's right-hand man.

13 FRED BARNES **BIG MAN ON CAMPUS** George Bush hits the college lecture circuit.

14 HENRY FAIRLIE **AIR SICKNESS** Welcome to the Frank Lorenzo school of airline management.

18 LEON WIESELTIER **SCAR TISSUE** Ted Koppel's Town Meeting dredged up an old explanation—racism—for a new problem—crack.

22 MURRAY SAYLE **AXIS, LTD.** Why Japan and Germany are winning the battle after losing the war.

28 STANLEY KAUFFMANN **ON FILMS: EVERYTHING FOR SALE** Satiric bite from Britain: *How to Get Ahead in Advertising.*

29 EDWARD MENDELSON **LARKIN'S EGGS** *Collected Poems* by Philip Larkin; edited with an introduction by Anthony Thwaite

32 MARY KINZIE **POEM** *The Shed*

33 AMITAV GHOSH **PHARAOHS AND PHANTOMS** *Egypt, Islam and the Arabs: The Search for Egyptian Nationhood, 1900-1930* by Israel Gershoni and James Jankowski

37 JAROSLAW ANDERS **JUMP CUTS** *Double Vision: My Life in Film* by Andrzej Wajda

39 SVEN BIRKERTS **CRIMES OF THE MIND** *The Execution of Justice* by Friedrich Dürrenmatt, translated by John E. Woods; *The Assignment: On Observing the Observer of the Observers* by Friedrich Dürrenmatt, translated by Joel Agee

41 WALTER LAQUEUR **WHY SPY?** *Territory of Lies: The Exclusive Story of Jonathan Jay Pollard* by Wolf Blitzer

43 CAMBRIDGE DIARIST **WHAT WE WON'T SEE**

Editor-in-Chief and Chairman
MARTIN PERETZ

Editor
MICHAEL KINSLEY (on leave)
Acting Editor
ROBERT WRIGHT
Literary Editor
LEON WIESELTIER
Managing Editor
DOROTHY WICKENDEN (on leave)
Acting Managing Editor
JAMES S. GIBNEY
Senior Editors
FRED BARNES, HENDRIK HERTZBERG, ANN HULBERT, MICKEY KAUS, MORTON M. KONDRACKE
New Republic Books Editor
(Basic Books)
BILL NEWLIN
Economics
ROBERT KUTTNER
Films STANLEY KAUFFMANN
Theater ROBERT BRUSTEIN
Music EDWARD ROTHSTEIN
Poetry RICHARD HOWARD
Art MARK STEVENS
Architecture HERBERT MUSCHAMP
Contributing Editors
ROBERT COLES, HENRY FAIRLIE, JAMES K. GLASSMAN, CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER, VINT LAWRENCE, LOUIS MENAND, ROBERT B. REICH, JONATHAN RIEDER, MAGGIE SCARF, RONALD STEEL, RICHARD L. STROUT, E. V. THAW, ANNE TYLER, NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN, MICHAEL WALZER, C. VANN WOODWARD
Editorial-Corporate Coordinator
LAURA E. OBOLENSKY
Assistant to the Editors
JUNE HALEY
Production Manager
BRUCE STEINKE
Assistant Editor
LEONA HIRAOKA ROTH
Production Associate
ERIC V. PETERSON
Literary Assistant
SARA MOSLE
Reporter-Researchers
JAMES BENNET, ZACHARY CITRON, JOHN HOOD, DAVID KURAPKA, MICHAEL NEWMAN

President
JEFFREY L. DEARTH
Publisher
JOAN M. STAPLETON
Associate Publisher
TOM HICKS
Controller
JEAN GANDY
Advertising Manager
JENNIFER BARRETT
Circulation Director
PATTY JONES
Accounting Manager
CHRISTINA R. OVERHOLSER
Circulation Manager
KRISTIN CONRADI
Advertising Assistant
DARLENE BUSCAGLIO
Accounting Assistant
BEATE HERNANDEZ
Back Issues and Reception
MAXINE OAKLEY
Circulation Consultant
H. EDWARD YOUNG
Corporate Marketing
GUY STODDARD
Leadership Network Advertising
ROBERT F. SENNOTT JR.

THE NEW REPUBLIC, Vol. 200, Number 23, Issue 3,881, June 5, 1989. (Printed in the U.S. on May 17, 1989.) Published weekly (except for combined issues dated Jan. 9 & 16, July 17 & 24, Aug. 7 & 14, and Sept. 18 & 25, 1989) at 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036. Telephone (202) 331-7494. Leadership Network advertising (212) 684-5500. Yearly subscriptions, $59.97; foreign, $89.97; Canada, $74.97. Back issues, $3.00 (includes postage & handling).

©1989 by The New Republic, Inc.

(ISSN 0028-6583). Second-class postage paid at Washington, DC, and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide, Media Review Digest. Available on microfilm from University Microfilms Intnl., 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106 and Bell & Howell, Old Mansfield Road, Wooster, OH 44691. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Unsolicited manuscripts can be returned only if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Subscribers: Please send all remittances, changes of address, and subscription inquiries to Subscription Service Dept., The New Republic, P.O. Box 56515, Boulder, CO 80322. For subscription problems call 800-525-0643.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB®
FROM WASHINGTON

Mr. Ex-President

Ruffles and flourishes, please, for the Ex-President of the United States: Jimmy Carter.

Technically, of course, he's not the only ex-president we've got. No fewer than four former chief executives—the largest such contingent since 1862—are alive and well and endeavoring to supplement their pensions. But Carter, as he has been demonstrating quietly for years and has just demonstrated spectacularly in Panama, is the class of the field—the most imaginative, the most exemplary, the most useful to his country, in short the most presidential of the ex-presidents.

There is a pleasing symmetry in the fact that the scene of Carter's triumph as ex-president had also been the seedbed of his undoing as president. The Panama Canal Treaties were signed on September 7, 1977. The fight over their ratification took six months. Carter won that fight, with crucial last-minute help from conservatives like Barry Goldwater and John Wayne, but, as I well remember (I was on his staff at the time), the battle used up his limited store of political capital and the victory brought him no political rewards. Among Republicans, the fight isolated the moderates and energized the extremists, whose leader, Ronald Reagan, summarized his view of the canal in these memorably demagogic words: "We bought it, we paid for it, it's ours and we're going to keep it." If this meant war, as it surely would have, Reagan's recommendation was "whatever force is necessary." This kind of talk enraptured millions of contributors, whose names, collected in Richard Viguerie's computers during the anti-treaty campaign, launched the Reagan presidential effort.

Carter's return to Panama was a masterpiece of guerrilla diplomacy. He used his popularity with the Panamanian people to maneuver Manuel Noriega into reluctantly accepting the presence of his delegation, which was organized under the auspices of the Council of Freely Elected Heads of Government, another Carter creation. When he arrived, he used his access to the local media to urge Panamanians to vote, calculating correctly that a large turnout would overwhelm Noriega's attempts to manipulate the actual voting. On election day he deployed his 20 colleagues to polling places in ten cities and towns, and he himself kept moving until 2 a.m., rushing to spots where there had been reports of shooting or military interference. The next day, at the National Counting Center, he collected evidence of massive fraud (in the form of obviously forged tally sheets) and confronted officials, asking them angrily in his Georgia-accented Spanish, "*Están ustedes honestos o ladrones?*"—Are you honest or are you thieves? Barred from the Counting Center's press facilities, he went across the street to the Marriott Hotel to hold his news conference. Because he had held off criticizing the election process, his icily passionate denunciation of the fraud, backed up by his own detailed observations, carried concomitantly greater weight. He then went directly to Washington to report his findings to President Bush, who, to his credit, understood that his own interests (and the nation's) would be served by associating himself in this instance with the man he had spent three presidential campaigns ridiculing as a symbol of irresolution and malaise.

All this was as good a couple of days' work as we have seen from any ex-president in the 30 years since Congress voted to grant pensions and office allowances to former occupants of the White House, thus creating the ex-presidency as an institution. Carter, only 56 when he left office, has taken the long view. He spent six years building the Carter Center of Emory University, a far more ambitious project than the usual presidential library. The Carter Center is a locus of activism as well as scholarship. Its $16 million annual budget (all raised privately) pays for a variety of good works in areas Carter cares about, such as regional conflict resolution (especially the Middle East and Latin America), human rights, and agricultural development and disease control in the Third World.

Ex-presidents are an even more exclusive group than presidents; there have been only 31 of them since George Washington went back, Cincinnatus-like, to the farm. The best ex-presidents and the best presidents have not always been the same. The greatest ex of all, John Quincy Adams, was a flop in the White House. Swamped by the Jacksonian tide after a single disappointing term, he went back to Massachusetts and returned to Washington two years later as a member of the House of Representatives, where he spent the 17 years that remained to him. He led the fight to establish the Smithsonian Institution and made the anti-slavery cause his sacred mission. Adams was the blood link between Independence and Emancipation, the only man to have worked as a colleague in common cause with both George Washington (whose ambassador to the Netherlands he became at age 27) and Abraham Lincoln (who joined him in protesting the Mexican War when both were serving in the House in 1847). In 1848, at 80 years of age, Adams collapsed on the House floor and died in the cloakroom, having given his life to (and for) his country.

Carter doesn't yet match up to that, but he compares overwhelmingly favorably with his fellow living ex-presidents. Richard Nixon, chastened, has refrained from chasing the buck and has devoted himself to writing books; as Richard Cohen wittily notes, "His career is blemished only by his time in public office." Still, his main concern has been his own reputation, not the welfare of his fellow man. Gerald Ford has grown rich using the prestige of his former office to hawk everything from commemorative coins to shopping malls. The only redeeming feature of Ford's ex-presidency is the considerable amount of work he has done with Carter, whom he accompanied, for example, to Panama. Reagan, meanwhile, is doing his bit for income inequality. Apparently strapped for funds despite his $99,500 federal pension, his $29,100 state pension, his $300,000-a-year office account, his $1.25 million transition budget, his $50,000-a-speech lecture business, and his $5 million book deal, Reagan has arranged to pick up a quick 270 million yen, or $2 million, from a Japanese corporation in exchange for light speaking duties, including emceeing the opening of an arts center. In 1955 Reagan was the TV host for the opening of Disneyland. He has reverted to type.

It's worth noting that Carter in Panama showed physical bravery as well as political skill and diplomatic acumen. According to the *Washington Times*, a newspaper that does not love him, he marched up to a polling station that had been closed down by armed troops and demanded entry. One of the soldiers supposedly said, "He has [courage]. Let him in." The brackets are the *Times*'s; the soldier's actual word, presumably, was *cojones*. Someone else who was there tells me he heard no such thing, though the guns were real enough. Perhaps the story is apocryphal. But as myths go, this one, for Carter, makes a gratifying change from the killer rabbit.

HENDRIK HERTZBERG

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OVER THE last 20 years cable television has experienced tremendous growth. Along the way cable pioneers like Gene Schneider and Amos Hostetter have worked hard to give something back to the communities they serve. For the last 10 years one "something" has been the live coverage of public affairs on the C-SPAN network.

Gene Schneider was 27 when he started a one-channel cable system in Casper, Wyoming in 1953. Those humble beginnings became an American success story. Today, as chairman and CEO of United Cable Television Corporation, he offers dozens of channels to over one million viewers nationwide. C-SPAN is carried to every United cable customer.

Amos Hostetter was also 27 when he received the cable franchise for Tiffin and Fostoria, Ohio in 1963. Today those communities are two of more than 300 communities served by Continental Cablevision, of which Amos is chairman and CEO. He defines "entrepreneur" as "someone who has total freedom to do what they want," and his company offers C-SPAN to nearly 100 percent of its two million-plus subscribers.

In a corporate world where growth demands total commitment of time and financial resources, Gene Schneider and Amos Hostetter have unselfishly given both to C-SPAN for the benefit of all Americans who take their time to watch.

If you believe that success in business means merely turning a profit, turn your cable channel selector to C-SPAN. You'll learn a lot from a network developed and supported by cable industry leaders whose commitment to public service is just as important as their commitment to the bottom line.

C-SPAN
Tenth Anniversary
1979-1989

Cable's Growth Pays Dividends in Democracy

Gene Schneider (left), Chairman and CEO of United Cable Television Corporation passes the leadership of the C-SPAN Executive Committee to Amos Hostetter, Chairman and CEO of Continental Cablevision.

C-SPAN IS A PUBLIC SERVICE OF THE CABLE TELEVISION INDUSTRY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

The Fortunate Few

To the editors:

Even the best make mistakes, and in "As the World Turns" (May 1), Robert B. Reich has lost his sense of proportion. His symbolic analysts, who prosper in international markets, are not the fortunate fifth of the population but rather the fortunate one percent. Reich equates million-dollar investment bankers and law partners to the richest fifth of families who now receive 44 percent of all family income. The equation won't compute. In 1986, 103 million families and individuals filed tax returns. 377,957 (0.4 percent) had adjusted gross incomes over $200,000. 1.5 million had adjusted gross incomes over $100,000—enough to fill the streets of Wellfleet and the *Washington Post*'s Style Section, but they represent only one percent of all U.S. households.

The richest fifth of families? A more prosaic group. In 1986, 12.5 million families were in this group with average income of $76,309—a goodly amount, but not one that floats above the economy's stagnation. In 1973 the fortunate fifth averaged $68,000 (in today's dollars), and recent work by economist Sheldon Danziger and his colleagues attributes most of the intervening gain to more working wives. The paradigm symbolic analyst—a 40-year-old man with some postcollege education—earns no more today in real terms than similar men earned in the early 1970s.

When Reich turns from those who are floating to those who are drowning, he names the right victims and the wrong villains. In the last decade, the real earnings of 30-year-old men with four years of college have held steady at $27,000, while 30-year-old high school men dropped from $23,000 to $18,500. The proximate causes, as Reich says, are international competition and the trade deficit, which battered U.S. manufacturing and forced young high school men into other jobs. But when Reich pins these causes on the global economy, he is pulling his punches. The big trade deficits began quite precisely in 1982, caused in greatest part by the sudden overvaluation of the dollar, a product of our high interest rates and our budget deficits. We symbolic analysts were part of this history, taking the tax reductions and cheap Toyotas despite the damage they did. That was a serious mistake, and we cannot now plead diminished capacity on grounds of a global economy.

FRANK LEVY
School of Public Affairs,
University of Maryland
College Park, Maryland

To the editors:

Robert B. Reich makes a strong case that America is drifting into a state of "Economic Apartheid." Will and Ariel Durant wrote in their book *The Lessons of History*: "Concentrations of wealth reach a point where the strength of numbers of the poor rivals the strength of ability in the few rich. The unstable equilibrium generates a critical situation, which history has diversely met by legislation redistributing wealth or by revolution redistributing poverty."

PAUL MANN
Greenfield, Massachusetts

Robert B. Reich replies:

I may, on occasion, kick a dead horse, but I never pull my punches. Mr. Levy thinks that I include too many Americans in my category of people who have benefitted from integration into the world economy. He admits that the top fifth has grown richer in real terms but attributes most of the gain to working wives rather than to global demand for the top fifth's services. Yet the bulk of the growth in two-career households occurred during the 1970s and early '80s, while the real spurt in the incomes of the top fifth occurred just after that period, in the middle and late 1980s, suggesting that something else was at work. In any event, if my top category were much smaller, as he would like, my overall point would still be valid and, of course, even more dramatic: those at the top have gained from global integration while almost everyone else has lost ground.

Levy's second punch—that it was the overvalued dollar of the 1980s that put the squeeze on routine production workers, rather than a loss of competitiveness beginning long before—is also belied by history. Granted, the overvalued dollar didn't help. But America's loss of world market share in standard goods began in the late 1960s, and continues even today with a dollar that's a pale reflection of its 1982-85 self.

Grape Expectations

To the editors:

"Return of the Killer Grapes" (Notebook, May 1) ignored the more serious challenges to the original April 3 Notebook item. You lament the damage we have done to the Chilean economy. At least the damage was temporary—because the FDA acted promptly, consumers feel safe and are purchasing Chilean grapes again. If the FDA had not acted and several consumers had been poisoned, we would think the FDA wasn't protecting us adequately and avoid Chilean grapes entirely. The resulting damage to Chile's economy would be permanent.

Your 15 mph speed limit analogy ignores *who* makes the final choice, and *why*. We reject a 15 mph speed limit because it is inconvenient for us, not because it is inconvenient for GM. If our rejection of tainted grapes causes problems for Chile, that is Chile's problem, not ours. Your recommendation that we accept danger to save the Chilean economy is similar to tobacco growers' pleas that we buy their products to save their jobs. The appropriate response is "if you lose your current job, then you'll be free to start making the products I want."

Your suggestion that the FDA should have simply informed us that the grapes might be poisoned and let us make our own choice seems reasonable at first, but consider the consequences. Vendors would distinguish between Chilean and non-Chilean grapes, selling the former at a discount because of the greater risk. They would tend to be purchased by poor or uninformed consumers. Why not apply the same principle to auto manufacturers, allowing them to produce a line of unsafe cars and sell them at a discount to poor or uninformed buyers? Why not allow businesses to pollute and let homeowners choose if they want to live nearby? The government should require some minimum level of safety because, for one, it is charged with promoting "the general welfare," not just the welfare of those sufficiently wealthy and proficient at gathering and processing information. Second, this gathering and processing is a costly, time-consuming process even for those capable of doing it. How long would it take to go through the supermarket if there were no implicit guarantee the foods were safe?

Finally, how would allowing "a couple of dead Americans" be a more effective deterrent to future incidents than the embargo? A poisoner's objective is to kill people, and he will be deterred only if you make his actions costly. Ignoring him will let him achieve his goal without paying any price. A possibility of lost income will make him think again.

JIM MUSUMECI
Athens, Georgia

The editors welcome correspondence from readers. Letters should include the writer's full name, address, and telephone number; be typed double-spaced; and be held to under 200 words. Letters may be edited for space. Please address letters to: Correspondence, TNR, 1220 19th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC
JUNE 5, 1989

BROKEN AXIS

Surveying the wreckage of Germany and Japan at the end of the Second World War, the Allies had two choices. They could strip the Axis powers of what was left of their industrial base and pack it off to the Soviet Union and other countries as war reparations. Or they could allow—even help—Germany and Japan to rebuild their economies and to slowly work their way back into the industrialized world's good graces. The choice wasn't obvious. At a conference in Quebec in 1944, Churchill and Roosevelt had gone so far as to initial an agreement that called for "converting Germany into a country primarily agricultural and pastoral in its character." And France, Britain, and the Netherlands saw the transplanting of Japanese factories as an easy way to rebuild the economies of their colonies in the Far East. But ardent free traders and internationalists such as Henry Stimson, John McCloy, Robert Lovett, and Dean Acheson successfully argued that the United States should help to rebuild Germany and Japan, both to strengthen the world economy (and provide markets for U.S. goods) and to contain Communist expansion. The past 40 years are vindication of this strategy.

These days, though, some Americans seem almost to wish that we'd turned Germany and Japan into potato fields and rice paddies. Both nations have risen from defeat to attain a degree of wealth and influence that brings back some bad memories. Behind the debate about the modernization of the Lance missile and the joint development of the FSX fighter plane, you can hear the rattling of some old skeletons. There is talk of a re-unified, aggressive Germany that could dominate Central Europe, and of a re-armed Japan that could dominate the Pacific. These distant, rarely articulated fears of military ascendancy are intertwined with, and perhaps expressed through, more immediate fears of economic ascendancy. There is fretting over German bankers who seem determined to bail out communism before it completely crumbles; over Japanese speculators who casually buy up North America.

It's tempting to pin the blame for this outbreak of high anxiety on Mikhail Gorbachev. One reason we're worrying more about Japan and Germany is because we're worrying less about the U.S.S.R. Polls show that the percentage of Americans concerned about the military threat posed by the Soviet Union has dropped from 64 percent in 1983 to 26 percent today. In fact, 59 percent of the respondents to Americans Talk Security, a series of 12 national surveys conducted during 1987-88, now believe that "economic competitors (such as Japan) pose a greater threat to national security than military adversaries do." Gorbachev's masterful public relations has also made it harder for Washington to invoke the Red Menace as a means of keeping Bonn, and to a lesser extent Tokyo, in line.

But the root of the concern about Germany and Japan is our perception of ourselves, not of the Soviet Union. After almost a half century, America is still congratulating itself on winning the Second World War. Although we may not admit it, we still think of Germany and Japan as our wards rather than our partners. That makes it harder to acknowledge that we need their capital to fund our deficit, and that we need—not so much want—them to contribute more to our common defense. As our economic and strategic dependence on the Germans and Japanese has deepened, so has our irritation at their refusal to play along with the script—the one in which they're grateful supplicants and America is the unchallenged leader of the Free World, not its biggest debtor.

The success of Japan comes as a particularly rude shock. The question in the back of every U.S. manufacturing worker's mind is: How did these strange little people whom we nuked not once but twice come back to rack up a $50 billion trade surplus with the United

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

States and buy up prime chunks of our real estate? Frustrated by our failure to fix the trade deficit by fiddling with currency exchange rates, a growing number of Americans are falling back on an old standby to explain Japan's economic behavior. As Senator Jesse Helms delicately put it in recent hearings on the U.S.-Japan deal to jointly build the FSX fighter, "They skinned us many a time. They skinned us real bad in December 1941, and they are skinning us with the FSX." Even observers more sophisticated than Helms share some of his fears, though they may couch them in language less plain. Writing in the May issue of the *Atlantic*, James Fallows argues that "the major external threat to America's ability to pay the costs of leadership is Japan's uncontrolled, unbalanced economic growth."

Unbalanced economic growth? In this context, that phrase is typically a reference to the gap between Japan's impressive per capita economic output (the highest in the world) and the relatively poor actual standard of living of its citizens. The average Japanese leads a less comfortable material life than the average American. He works hard, he scrimps and saves, yet the rewards are slim; a week's wages will buy him less—even in the way of Japanese cameras—than a week's worth of American wages. This is unfortunate for the Japanese, perhaps, but is it something that Americans have a right to complain about?

The answer is either certainly not or probably not, depending on how you explain Japan's "imbalance." To the extent that it represents the Japanese willingness to work hard, save money, and make do with less, we should spend our time emulating the Japanese, not criticizing them. We lazy spendthrifts (with a savings rate among the lowest in the developed world, and a trade deficit to prove it) have no business telling the Japanese to consume more, save less, and take some time to smell the cherry blossoms.

The other cause for the imbalance between Japan's wealth and its quality of life is protectionism. One reason Japanese consumers must pay eight times what we pay for rice and twice what we pay for a Japanese camera is that government trade policy purposefully shelters Japanese industries from foreign competition. As Adam Smith could attest, this is bad for both us and the Japanese. Still, it's *a lot* worse for the average Japanese than for the average American. And if Japan—which is, after all, a democracy—chooses to endure the hardship, then it is hard to think of justifications for our compelling it to do otherwise.

Needless to say, we should discourage Japan from protectionism, just as anyone would counsel a self-destructive friend against self-destruction—out of both altruism and self-interest. Specifically, we should keep seeking, through GATT negotiations and bilateral trade negotiations, symmetrically lowered trade barriers in Japan and around the world. But we shouldn't be scared into explosive retaliatory trade policy by the false claim that Japan's protectionism helps the Japanese at our expense—or even that it hurts us nearly as much as it hurts them.

Nor, realistically, should we worry that Japan's S&M (mostly M) will go on forever. As the work force ages and Western materialism takes its inexorably corrupting toll, expect the Japanese increasingly to want their goodies now—cheaper rice, cheaper cameras, and therefore freer trade policy. Notwithstanding all the time Japanaphobes spend praying for this day, it will have its downside for America. It will mean that the Japanese start calling in their IOUs, making us pay back the money we borrowed to buy their VCRs. But when that day of reckoning comes, the Japanese won't be the ones to blame. They aren't the cause of our decades of self-indulgence. They didn't force yuppies to buy now and pay later. They didn't hold guns to the heads of American executives and force them to think short- instead of long-term, or to play corporate pac-man instead of investing in research and development. And they didn't suggest that we let our public school system deteriorate.

Although we also run a trade deficit ($13 billion in 1988) with West Germany, the Germans make us nervous for different reasons. In the case of Japan, it's the sheer amassing of wealth that scares us, because we fear it comes at the expense of our wealth; worries about Japanese geopolitical, even military, dominance remain far off. But with Germany, we worry more about the geopolitical influence than about the wealth underwriting it. Not only does Germany contribute the second largest military contingent to NATO (after Turkey); it is by far the strongest economic and political link between the capitalist West and the Communist East, a linkage that some find frightening.

The fears are not entirely without basis. It is true that Germans in high places are suffering from a bad case of Gorbo fever, the latest outbreak being Chancellor Helmut Kohl's insistence on immediate NATO negotiations with the Soviets over short-range missiles. And Gorbachev has heightened his allure by offering West Germans the prospect not just of peace but of greater prosperity. Although West Germany's trade with the U.S.S.R. last year was worth less than its trade with Denmark, the Soviets' relaxation of rules regarding foreign investment has paved the way for more lucrative joint ventures. Similarly, the West Germans stand to benefit hugely from the liberation of Eastern European economies. To top it all off, Gorbachev has even dropped veiled hints about tearing down the Berlin Wall. That would be a fine thing, but the concomitant hints of Germany's reunification are another matter altogether. This is a prospect that no person with a good memory can be sanguine about. It is rightly the cause of anxiety among farsighted observers in both Eastern and Western Europe.

But it appears not to be an immediate prospect. The West German enthusiasm for reunification drops with each age group: one recent West German poll said that only 37 percent of those between ages 18 and 30 are for it. And as for fears of a new, militarized, militant Germany: the rise of any right-wing fringe political groups probably says more about the leftward slide of Kohl's conservative coalition than about the psychological character of the German polity.

Of course, you never know. And there's no guaranteeing that 20 years from now Germany won't have a frighteningly familiar look to it. But the question is:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What can and should we do to stop Germany from looking eastward? The answer is: not a lot. After all, economic bridges to the East bloc are arguably in the interest of sealing capitalism's victory over communism. (Certainly they're in keeping with the spirit of the Marshall Plan, whose architects initially offered aid to Eastern Europe during the less friendly days of Joseph Stalin.) And, in any event, Germany's building of these bridges is a capitalist initiative that we—who since World War II have put our finger in just about every pie in the world—cannot unhypocritically condemn. If German banks think *perestroika* is a good bet, who are we to discourage them from putting their money down? And if the German government wants to encourage them to do that (industrial policy, you might call it), on what grounds can we compellingly argue that this is a mistake?

In our dealings with Japan and Germany, we have been curiously slow to update our diplomatic vocabulary. The phrase "national interest" (as in *their* national interest) doesn't roll off the tongue as easily as, say, "good allies." And though we have begun now to speak of "burden sharing," we have trouble talking about "influence sharing"—as if the two weren't Siamese twins joined at the head. (We like, for instance, the idea of Japan ponying up larger contributions to the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank, but we only grudgingly agree to increase Japan's voting power accordingly.)

What this amounts to is a failure to accept the success of the great American experiment undertaken 40 years ago. The decision to rebuild Japan and Germany carried with it the prospect—indeed, the hope—of a relative diminution of U.S. power. We sought to build a world in which the United States was but one of many robust capitalist democracies, and in which communism and totalitarianism were in retreat. We seem to have succeeded. Congratulations to all concerned.

KENNEDY JUSTICE

There are lots of causes for low voter registration and turnout: apathy, ignorance, laziness, a transient lifestyle, incurable cynicism, unshakable contentment, even the logistics of actually getting registered to vote. What's not a significant cause, thanks in good measure to the Voting Rights Act of 1965, are state and local regulations that discriminate on the basis of race. Yet that is what the Equal Access to Voting Act of 1989, sponsored by Senators Alan Cranston and Edward Kennedy (and four others), would try to seek out and eliminate—or, at least, would profess to try to seek out and eliminate.

Under the Equal Access Act, if registration of blacks in a state were lower than that of whites, the state's registration laws would be voided on grounds of racial bias. Then the attorney general would step in, armed with the power to force states to adopt mail registration, election day registration, automatic registration of anyone who gets a driver's license, or registration by private groups.

The model for this law is the original Voting Rights Act. But there was a compelling reason back in 1965 for legislation that dispatched federal registrars to Southern states. Those states systematically blocked blacks from registering. What state, in 1989, has discriminatory barriers to registration? None come to mind. And if some subtle racial barriers do exist, they are dwarfed in their consequences by the more obvious explanation of low minority registration and turnout. To wit: blacks and Hispanics are more likely than whites to be poor, poorly educated, young, blue collar, unmarried—all factors associated with low voter participation. For the government to intervene in areas with lots of blacks who fall in these categories, while doing nothing in areas with lots of whites who fall in these categories, is to raise several complex questions—not least the question of discrimination against young, poor, poorly educated whites—that the bill's sponsors show no signs of having thought about.

The cynical explanation for the Equal Access Bill is that it is an attempt by Democrats to get the federal government to help bring out the vote in areas heavy with traditional Democratic constituents. But if that is indeed the motive, it won't be as broadly successful as you might think. Voter-participation rates among minorities are not universally low. In some states (Illinois, California, Tennessee, Indiana, among others), a higher percentage of blacks are registered than whites. To be sure, in many other states, such as Massachusetts, black registration is far lower. But does Ted Kennedy really think that Governor Michael Dukakis presides over a racially discriminatory registration system? If so, Kennedy can identify the racial barriers to registration, surely Dukakis would eliminate them.

The worst thing about this bill is its attempt to turn what is not at its core a racial issue into a civil rights dispute. The bill reflects the all-too-common fallacy that all racial disparities are, ipso facto, the direct result of ongoing discrimination. Sometimes they are. But sometimes they're not.

SURRENDER, MANNY

Every time we have to deal with a foreign bad guy—whether it's Qaddafi, Assad, Khomeini, Daniel Ortega, Bernard Coard and his Grenada gang, the Medellín cartel, or lately Manuel Noriega—there are invariably three schools of thought on what the United States ought to do. One is the Reagan/Rambo school, which wants to send in the Marines, the 82nd Airborne, or the Delta Force to roust the enemy, rescue the innocent, and close the movie with American flags fluttering. Ronald Reagan's fantasy was fulfilled in Grenada and (sort of) in Libya; it resulted in disaster in Lebanon. It's been considered—last year by Reagan, this year by the Bush administration—as the means to get rid of Noriega, but seems to have been decisively rejected, principally because the Pentagon fears it

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

couldn't pull off a sufficiently surgical strike.

Next, there's the Elliott Abrams/coercive diplomacy school, which advocates using U.S. military aid and threats of U.S. force—overt or covert—to cow adversaries into submission. Abrams, Reagan's assistant secretary of state for Latin America, promoted democracy-building activities, but disparaged multilateral diplomacy as the means to accomplish any desired end. He thought that most Latin governments, perhaps especially the newly minted democracies, were too pusillanimous to risk offending each other and their own people by seeming to aid U.S. interests. So he advocated unilateral American action against Nicaragua and Panama. In the case of Panama last year, he actually favored a Rambo operation at first, then was forced to retreat to heavy economic sanctions and negotiations as a means of inducing Noriega to leave Panama. A more typical Abrams school approach—a large buildup of U.S. forces in Panama, combined with threats to invade if Noriega didn't leave—was advocated by Reagan aides in the National Security Council.

Finally, there's the Sol Linowitz approach, advocated by Lyndon Johnson's former OAS ambassador and longtime head of the Inter-American Dialogue, who favors multilateral diplomacy, lawyerly negotiation, and democracy-building and debt relief as the answers to almost every Latin problem. The Linowitz school dominates the Democratic Party—it could easily be named after Jimmy Carter, Walter Mondale, Michael Dukakis, Cyrus Vance, or George Mitchell—and it eschews military force or the threat of it except as a last resort in cases where vital national interests are at stake. In the case of Panama, the Linowitz school has long advocated relying on Venezuelan president Carlos Andrés Pérez as the lead negotiator to arrange Noriega's departure, much as it has favored Oscar Arias's efforts in Nicaragua.

If any dictator ever deserved Rambo treatment, Noriega does. He's a torturer, a murderer, a drug dealer, and a despot. In 1988, when he was indicted on drug charges, it might have been possible to lure him to a location where U.S. commandos could have seized him. Even last year a true surprise invasion, using overwhelming force, might have succeeded in ousting him with minimal loss of life. Now that seems virtually out of the question: the United States surely could triumph over the Panamanian Defense Forces of 17,000 men, but probably not without substantial bloodshed and other side effects.

Coercive diplomacy, too, has shortcomings. It lacks an important element: the realistic threat of force. Whatever potential the United States had for scaring Noriega out of power was weakened when Congress cut off military aid to the Nicaraguan *contras*, and it vanished last year when the Pentagon semi-publicly balked at the suggestion that U.S. bases in Panama be used to help undermine Noriega politically. Members of Congress who have recently visited Panama charge that Maj. Gen. Frederick Woerner, commander of U.S. forces, is so risk-averse that he's refused to publicize repeated Panamanian harassment of U.S. soldiers and their dependents, and considers even the evacuation of U.S. civilians too provocative.

President Bush is talking the language of coercion—"Noriega has got to go"—but the accompanying gestures are mainly empty. He is appealing to the Panamanian public and the PDF to oust Noriega, but both at the moment are afraid to do so. He has dispatched an additional 2,000 troops to Panama, but he made it clear that this was purely a defensive maneuver. He has affirmed that the United States has the right, under the Panama Canal Treaty, to send military convoys where it likes into Panama. Conceivably, troops could be used to intervene if there are new incidents of harassment, and this threat might dissuade Noriega from committing them. But high officials acknowledge that none of Bush's actions will lead to Noriega's ouster.

So the United States is reduced, as a last resort, to a strategy that might be called Linowitz-plus. The government and private agencies have been engaged in democracy-building. If press reports are correct, the CIA helped finance Noriega's opposition in the May elections. The National Democratic Institute for International Affairs, a subsidiary of the U.S. Democratic Party funded through the National Endowment for Democracy, helped set up the election-monitoring machinery that exposed Noriega's overwhelming loss in the election and his efforts to steal it, ultimately forcing him to declare it void and delegitimize his government in the eyes of his own people and the world.

The United States now is using multilateral diplomacy, through the OAS, to isolate Noriega as no Latin leader has been isolated since Anastasio Somoza. It is encouraging the Roman Catholic Church to step up its denunciations of Noriega. Presumably it is using the CIA and U.S. military advisers to find dissenters in the Panamanian military who might lead a coup against Noriega, especially if the public can rouse itself to a Philippine-style demonstration of people power.

There is a risk in this for Bush. He has declared himself Noriega's enemy, and if Noriega is still in power a year from now, Bush will appear ineffectual. On the other hand, the risk to U.S. interests of Noriega's remaining in power are not that great. He is not threatening the security of the Panama Canal, and he is not plotting to set up a Soviet base in the hemisphere. We have until the end of the century to face the issue of whether to turn over the Panama Canal to the Panamanian government, which we surely would not do if Noriega were still in command. We have the opportunity, in other words, to test the Linowitz approach—to allow Latin America to demonstrate whether it has the political maturity to deal with a monster in its midst, and to see whether the Panamanian people want democracy badly enough to risk their lives for it. If Latin Americans could deliver themselves from this despot, it would mean, perhaps, that Rambo could retire forever.

NOTEBOOK

GAINING GROUND: It's a useful rule of thumb that no Ford Foundation report printed on lush two-color

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stock will say anything very interesting. The purpose of such projects is, typically, not to unleash today's new ideas but to admit yesterday's new ideas into respectable company by associating them with a list of eminent Americans. Yet this is exactly why Ford's recent $3 million (!) investigation of the American welfare state *is* interesting. Among the ideas endorsed by an utterly distinguished panel (which included Hanna Gray, Albert O. Hirschman, Vernon Jordan, Eleanor Holmes Norton, and various farsighted corporate CEOs) was "a limit on the length of time that those who can work are entitled to welfare benefits." Welfare mothers who bumped up against the time limit would be offered a public-sector job and told by the government to choose "between the job we offer and making it on your own." Another name for this no-nonsense approach is workfare. Only last year it was considered respectable for congressional blacks and liberals to water down the far milder work and training requirements of the bipartisan welfare-reform bill. Now prominent black figures such as Norton and Jordan endorse kicking mothers off welfare if they won't work, period. True, the Ford report ducks obvious questions (such as how long the "time limit" should be). And true, the idea is buried under layers of calls for more traditional (and mostly worthy) social spending—Head Start, Medicaid, etc. Apparently the welfare-cutoff idea is still so politically sensitive that it has to be whispered in polite company. But it's also so politically sensitive that it will never be enacted until polite people stop whispering.

WE SPY: Important facts concerning TNR were recently brought to light by *El Nuevo Diario*, a pro-Sandinista Nicaraguan daily. A front-page story in the May 4 edition under the headline "CONSPIRACY IN WASHINGTON" detailed a May 3 meeting attended by Violeta and Cristiana Chamorro (directors of the opposition daily *La Prensa*), by U.S. government officials, and by representatives of various "institutions under CIA cover." The purpose: an "exchange of ideas and conspiratorial tactics" on how best to bounce the Sandinistas from power. Although TNR was not mentioned in the story, a number of narrative details make it clear that the meeting in question was one that had taken place here in our offices on that very day. We periodically ask newsmakers to lunch, and invite various Washington types who are versed in the given field. On May 3 we had the Chamorros over for sandwiches and coffee. As usual, the discussion was off the record, but one of our guests (we don't have a clue as to who; in fact, we can't even remember who all the guests were) apparently disregarded that formality and dripped details into *El Nuevo Diario*'s ear. Now, we'd hate to be called vengeful over being exposed as CIA stooges, and we are certainly loath to criticize another periodical's fact-checking, but we thought we'd better set the off-the-record straight. Guests that day—journalists, past and present government officials, think-tank analysts—included opponents as well as supporters of the Reagan and Bush policies in Nicaragua. The conversation was varied, covering the upcoming elections, the difficulties faced by *La Prensa*, the recent bipartisan accord on humanitarian aid to the *contras*. *El Nuevo Diario*, apparently determined to peg the Chamorros as *contra* backers, quoted Cristiana as supporting American military intervention in Nicaragua. This was perhaps the newspaper's most prodigious distortion; in fact she said roughly the opposite. (Indeed, one interesting and persistent undercurrent of that meeting was the Chamorros' satisfaction with the cutoff of American military aid to the *contras*.) Far from seeking subversion, the one thing everyone present (barring one, perhaps) desired was that the Nicaraguan elections scheduled for next February be democratic and free of fraud. This is especially true of Violeta Chamorro, who is often mentioned as a presidential candidate. *El Nuevo Diario*'s pregame tactics do not bode well.

UPWARD MOBILITY:

> The rich and ruthless are having a tough time of it these days on the nighttime soaps.

—*Wall Street Journal*, May 8, page one

> There's always room on television for the sinfully rich, the terminally chic ("Dynasty," "Dallas").

—same paper, same day, page 12
(thanks to Tom McGrath, Chicago, Illinois)

Crime and no punishment on Capitol Hill.

ONE OF THE BOYS

By Margaret Carlson

Until mid-May, John Mack was the most powerful staff person on Capitol Hill. He made $89,500 a year, as much as most members of Congress make, and he was more important than about 95 percent of them. But he had to resign his job after the *Washington Post* ran a story about his brutal, unprovoked, unfathomable attack on a young girl back when he was 19.

There are a couple of things about this event that sear into the brain, aside from its viciousness, which will wake you in the middle of the night and not let you get back to sleep. The first is that most journalists covering the Hill did not think this was a story. It took Ken Ringle, not part of the inner circle at the *Washington Post*, to see how potent this tale of crime and little punishment could be when told in the words of the victim. Second, some politicians—Mack's cronies for the most part—thought it was dreadfully unfair to Mack for the *Post* to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

give voice to his victim, Pamela Small. The story was old, they said, and it was being dredged up to hurt Jim Wright, for whom Mack works. Besides, everyone already knew what Mack had done; all had been forgiven, and rehabilitation had occurred.

The story, which ran in Truman Capote-like detail over three pages in the Style section, described a night in 1973 when college student Pamela Small, 20, walked into a discount store Mack was managing in a Virginia suburb to buy window blinds for her first apartment. He told Small, his last customer of the day, that the blinds she wanted were in a storeroom. She followed the young, fresh-faced kid to the back of the store. Once there, without any provocation, he picked up a hammer and smashed it into her skull five times. She passed out. With a steak knife, he stabbed her repeatedly in the chest and shoulder. He slit her throat and dumped her bloody body into her Toyota, which he left in an alley. He then took in a movie, thinking the only possible witness to his crime was dead.

Eight hours later, however, Small regained consciousness and struggled to get help. Surgeons operated for seven hours (and there were more operations in the coming years) to piece together her collapsed lung and her slashed skin, to cover her exposed skull. The next day she was able to tell the police what had happened. When Mack was picked up, he denied everything. But, after failing a polygraph test, he admitted he made a "mistake." Never mind that a mistake is hammering your thumb, not someone's head. "I blew my cool for a second," he told the police. He pleaded guilty to malicious wounding with intent to kill.

Enter Jim Wright—whose daughter, Kay, was then married to Mack's brother—to put in the fix. Wright wrote letters on behalf of Mack and promised to give him a job, even though he had no Hill experience and no college education. Mack, who never saw the inside of a penitentiary (or a state hospital or any kind of psychiatric treatment center), ended up serving a little over two years of a 15-year sentence in the friendlier confines of the county jail. He left to work for Wright, finally working his way up to the position of executive director of the congressional Democratic Steering and Policy Committee.

Small is now an executive at a Washington corporation, work that would, in the ordinary course of events, take her to Capitol Hill. But for years she has been afraid to go there lest she come face-to-face with the man who in effect was rewarded with a prized political job for trying to bludgeon her to death.

One Wright aide was at pains to deliver himself of the real reason Small was suddenly willing to talk on the record about Mack. "I would look into the fact that a former employee of Wright's who now works with Small egged her on to do this," the aide said helpfully. Another Hill aide speculated that Small was probably paid by the *Post* to at long last tell her story and allow her name and picture to be used.

Could anyone really believe that a former employee, no matter how disgruntled, would be angrier than Pamela Small? And money—though it animates a lot of people on the Hill these days—is a preposterous explanation. The truth is much simpler: it may be 16 years later, but Small is still mad as hell. And if Mack, thanks to Wright's troubles, is more vulnerable now, then more power to her—literally. The last time she came up against Mack and Wright, she lost. (And years later she was reminded yet again how power permeates the culture of Washington. When she learned that a friend of hers was dating Mack, Small confided to her that Mack was the person who had tried to kill her. The "friend" stopped speaking to Small and kept dating Mack, giving sickening credence to Henry Kissinger's observation that power is the ultimate aphrodisiac.)

One of the main arguments leveled against the *Post* article was that it was old news. But a week after the story appeared—by which time it was apparent that normal people, as opposed to people in zip code 20515, were appalled by it—Wright excused his intervention in Mack's case with the statement, "I was not told the details of the crime." Does Wright so enjoy pulling strings that he does it without looking? Does he often place his considerable clout at the disposal of causes whose merits he hasn't checked into? John Mack is the most serious, but not the only, evidence that the answer to those questions is yes.

Only Majority Whip Tony Coelho, Mack's golfing partner and co-investor in a California land deal, knew all the gory details, which Mack told him when he thought the story was about to break in a Washington paper two years ago. Although it is a principle of Anglo-Saxon law and Judeo-Christian codes that a debt is owed to the victim as well as society, Coelho said, "John Mack owed his debt to society, not to this young woman." Coelho insists this debt was paid, forgetting that it was originally 15 years. About whether Mack owed something more, Coelho said the 27 months in jail and his subsequent years on the Hill were enough. "He worked to pass very caring bills," Coelho noted. Perhaps he means all the very caring, very sensitive legislation passed at the behest of the oil industry.

No other member was quite as ardent as Coelho in his support of Mack, but not one male Democratic member spoke out in horror. It could have been a story about embezzling. They seemed to excuse the conduct, like Mack, who said that stress made him do it, and like the psychiatrist at the hearing, who said that anyone would have done the same thing under the circumstances. The circumstances were that Mack had been married for three weeks and had been called back early from his honeymoon to work.

The public, as opposed to the congressional, response was overwhelming and one-sided. The *Post* has fielded nearly a thousand calls since the day the story appeared and has been overwhelmed by mail—100 letters the first week, well over 200 now. There was no defense of Mack in the first batch; about three now. *Post* editorial page editor Meg Greenfield says the public intuitively understands that justice requires adequate retribution before rehabilitation. "I've seldom seen such intensity of feeling. There was outrage that neither from within—in the sense of remorse—nor from without had Mack paid for his heinous crime." Writers were appalled that Mack, stripped of his right to vote because of his crime, had nonetheless, because of his connections to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one man, been elevated to a position of privilege where he was instrumental in making the nation's laws.

The affair took another turn a few days after the *Post* story ran when a caller to a Washington talk show claimed that his wife, who had dated Mack in high school, had been raped by him. Fairfax County police files confirm that an assault took place, that the woman had been "manhandled." Date rape did not exist as a concept back then; the victim never pressed charges. Wright's office called the allegations false until the police confirmed the incident.

When the *Washington Post* story appeared on May 4, Coelho said that if Wright were to let Mack go, "members would be lined up to hire him." It's been more than a week since Mack resigned, and the line has yet to form.

MARGARET CARLSON is a senior writer at *Time*.

George Bush, valedictorian.

BIG MAN ON CAMPUS

By Fred Barnes

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY

For his round of commencement speeches this year, President Bush has a Yale joke. Seems a speaker years ago at a Yale graduation promised a short address. He said the "Y" in Yale stood for youth, and he talked for 30 minutes about that. The "A" was for altruism, and took up another 20 minutes. Then he ran through loyalty and excellence, taking 40 minutes more. When he finished, one person remained in the audience, and that poor devil was praying. But not for the values the speaker had extolled. "I was giving thanks to the Lord that I did not go to Alcorn State University in Lorman, Mississippi," the guy said. Or that's the way Bush told the story on May 13 at Alcorn. At Mississippi State four hours later, Bush quoted the man as saying, "I was giving thanks that I didn't go to Mississippi State University."

Either way, it wasn't a thigh-slapper. But then Bush doesn't try to make his speeches funny, engrossing, partisan, urgent, or, in most cases, even informative. With Bush, the presidential speech has fallen on hard times. It just isn't his chosen medium for communicating with the American people. Sure, he gives a lot of speeches. That's because he likes to go places—partly for political or personal reasons, and partly for the simple reason that it's fun to travel when you're president. So he went to a predominantly black college (Alcorn) and the alma mater (Mississippi State) of his old congressional pal, Representative Sonny Montgomery. And he had to say something when he showed up. He stuck mostly to weak humor and pieties about the family. "I will do nothing as president—nothing at all—to weaken our society by weakening the fundamental role of family in our society," he said. No kidding.

Bush has reversed Ronald Reagan's preferences on talking in public. Reagan's favorite was the White House photo opportunity, where he could respond to a question or two, knowing that his aides would soon usher the press away. Bush won't answer questions at photo ops at all. Next, Reagan liked speeches. Bush doesn't. "Speeches are the worst way to make news," says Marlin Fitzwater, Bush's press secretary. While Reagan preferred heavily thematic speeches, he was willing to insert a spicy paragraph on a timely subject to make news. Bush is all the more willing to stick an extraneous but newsy nugget in an otherwise newsless speech. Last on Reagan's list was prolonged Q-and-A with reporters. Bush has actually gotten to like press conferences, particularly if they're impromptu and devoted to a breaking story on which he's eager to comment. "For visibility, that's the best forum you can get," says Fitzwater.

On his two-day commencement swing—he went to Texas A&M as well as Alcorn and Mississippi State—Bush benefited from a disastrous trip two weeks earlier (April 24-27). He didn't repeat the mistake of making no news. On the earlier trip Bush planted a tree in Bismarck, North Dakota. Four days later it was infested with gypsy moths. In Palo Alto, California, he toured a Ford Aerospace plant, then announced that he wants "to give the high-five symbol to high tech." In Los Angeles, Bush spoke at what the White House billed as a "Hispanic event." The emcee was a man named Murray Schwartz. (Life imitates art in California. Several years back Steve Martin starred in a movie called *The Jerk*. Two Hispanic thugs filled up the tank of their car at a gas station where he was the attendant. They gave him a credit card and drove away. He looked at the card and said, "Thank you, Mrs. Nussbaum.") Later on the trip Bush spoke to the Texas legislature in Austin, to an international enforcement conference in Miami, and at a new Alzheimer's treatment center in Palm Harbor, Florida. He attracted minimal attention. Back in Washington, John Sununu, the White House chief of staff, criticized White House aides for complaining to the press about the aimlessness of the trip. Actually, reporters had figured this out themselves.

Bush's first commencement speech was at Texas A&M. He suffers from Aggie envy, idolizing A&M with all the reverse snobbery a Yale grad can muster. Many of his Texas friends are A&M alumni, and every time Bush sees Tom DeFrank of *Newsweek*, an Aggie, he mentions A&M. On Air Force One on the flight from Washington, Bush gave DeFrank some high-toned reason for going to A&M. "You're going there because it's macho central," DeFrank responded. "Macho central, ugh," Bush said, and walked away. DeFrank had it right. In his speech, Bush praised "Aggie values." He didn't elaborate, but what he had in mind, I suppose, was the noisy patriotism, military camaraderie, and male bonding that A&M is famous for. For Bush, A&M is everything he wants to be but isn't.

Bush gave a real speech at A&M, his first major address on Soviet-American relations. Any other president would have delivered the speech in Washington,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

perhaps talking to the nation on prime-time TV. Or the contents would have been leaked and ballyhooed in the days before the speech. In this case, Brent Scowcroft, the national security adviser, gave one background briefing for four columnists. That was the extent of the hype. The speech was a cautious assessment of what's going on in the Soviet Union. It contained no memorable sentences. But it had a nice phrase, "beyond containment," to describe where Bush wants to take American policy, and two non-controversial proposals, "open skies" and the lifting of the Jackson-Vanik amendment that limits Soviet-American trade. "If you have to give a thoughtful speech, Friday afternoon isn't a bad time," argues a White House official. "You get a weekend of debate about it."

Unbeknownst to most of the free world, the A&M speech was the third in a series of six addresses by Bush that culminate the administration's review of foreign policy. The first, on Eastern Europe, was delivered in Hamtramack, Michigan, on April 17; the second, on Central America, in Washington on May 2. At the Boston University commencement on May 21, Bush is to talk about the United States and Europe, and then on May 23 at the Coast Guard Academy his subject is what Scowcroft calls "overarching strategic concepts"—in other words, the vision thing. The sixth speech will come in Europe at the end of May when Bush attends the NATO summit. When long-term policy changes are the subject, a Bush aide says, the president can't avoid giving full-fledged speeches. In fact, the six "will be a pretty solid body [of presidential thought] on U.S. foreign policy." We'll see.

At Alcorn, which Bush called "Allcorn," the nugget of news was a reference to what he'd said about the Soviets at A&M. This was designed to give the subject a second-day news peg. "As the Soviet Union moves toward greater openness and democratization, and as they meet the challenge of responsible international behavior, we will match their steps with steps of our own," he said. He repeated the sentence, word for word, at Mississippi State. That evening at a fund-raising dinner outside Lexington, Kentucky, for Republican Senator Mitch McConnell, Bush added a nationalistic insert about Panama. "We do not want to return to the days of the imperialistic gringos of the North," he said. "But let everybody be clear on one point. I will protect the lives of Americans in Panama, whether they're military or civilian." Bush spoke fiercely, but of course he was only reiterating what is his or any president's constitutional duty.

When Bush had something important and urgent to say about Gen. Manuel Noriega's hijacking of the presidential election in Panama, he didn't fool around with a speech or an insert. Before the trip, on May 11, Bush appeared in the White House press room to criticize Noriega and announce the deployment of 2,000 more troops to the Canal Zone. On May 12, as Bush traveled to Texas, intelligence reports filtered back that it was unclear to Panamanians whether Bush's concern was, as a White House official put it, "broader than Noriega." Bush needed a vehicle for saying that it wasn't, that all he wants is Noriega and only Noriega out, and the winner of the presidential election in. But what vehicle? He didn't want to call a press conference after his A&M speech. He'd step on his own story.

Bush and Fitzwater decided to summon the press pool, which includes a TV camera crew, to the lounge at the front of Air Force One as Bush flew from Alcorn to Mississippi State. This was the perfect situation for Bush. He had information the press wanted. Once he spelled it out in a brief opening statement, reporters would be sure to ask him about it—and not about Iranamok, trouble with Germany, the oil spill, etc. "If Noriega would leave office, we would have good relations with Panama," he said. "We would have good relations with the Panama Defense Force." The questions were exactly the ones Bush expected, and he had answers. Was he encouraging the Panamanian people to revolt? Yep. Did he want to add any words of caution? Nope. "I've phrased it just about the way I feel," he said. When reporters had exhausted the subject, Bush said, "It's been a great pleasure." He meant it.

The unfriendly skies of Frank Lorenzo.

AIR SICKNESS

By Henry Fairlie

The strike against Eastern Airlines, called by the International Association of Machinists (IAM) in March, is perhaps more accurately called a strike in defense of Eastern and against Texas Air, Eastern's parent company; Jet Capital Corp., the holding company that controls Texas Air; and Frank Lorenzo, the chairman of all three corporations as well as of Continental Airlines. In the two-and-a-half years since he bought Eastern, Lorenzo has systematically stripped it of its assets, with the double objective of feeding cash to its parent companies (and huge bonuses to himself) and building up the non-union

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Continental as his main carrier.

This may partly account for the solidarity of the three unions now involved in the Eastern strike. Both the Air Line Pilots Association and the Transport Workers Union, representing the flight attendants, are on strike in support of the IAM. This united front is unusual not just at Eastern but in the industry. Traditionally, commercial airline pilots do not strike. They consider themselves professionals. Many have military backgrounds, and observe a military ethic and even etiquette. Yet a year ago, as management-labor relations at Eastern came to a crisis, it was the pilots who took a full-page advertisement in *USA Today* listing the reasons why Texas Air is not "fit, willing, and able" to operate Eastern.

The solidarity of the unions is not the only indication that Lorenzo's is a special case. He has received as little sympathy, and as much criticism, from prestigious Wall Street firms and from the business press as from his unions. (*Financial World* noted that "Eastern appears to be the victim of a corporate version of the battered-child syndrome: it is being mugged by its own parent.") As for the general public, a *Washington Post* poll conducted two weeks after the strike began showed that 46 percent thought the union is right, and only 27 percent that Eastern is, a surprising result in view of the current anti-union atmosphere and the inconvenience of the strike to the traveling public. Add the criticisms of Lorenzo's Eastern by government departments and agencies (including the FAA), congressional groups, and federal judges, and it becomes clear that the ultimate cause of the strike is one man.

The early rise of Frank Lorenzo was impressive. In 1965, at the age of 26, he formed a consulting firm with a former Harvard classmate, Bob Carney. Four years later they founded Jet Capital with $35,000 of their own and more than $1 million raised through a public stock offering. Their plan was to buy jets and lease them to airlines, but they soon saw that they could make more money by owning an airline themselves. They bought a small carrier, Texas International, which was in difficulties, and by 1978 had made it the fastest-growing airline in the United States. Many of Lorenzo's now familiar qualities were displayed: his energetic and successful pursuit of investors; his persuasiveness in getting creditors to restructure his debts and extend repayment periods; and his opposition to unions (the ground workers struck Texas International for four months in 1974-75, and after the settlement Lorenzo crowed about his victory, further embittering workers). Lorenzo also experimented with "Peanut Fares" on flights with light passenger loads. These fares were against Civil Aeronautics Board (CAB) regulations, but he lobbied the agency and won its approval of a year's trial.

The subsequent deregulation of airlines galvanized Lorenzo. He first went after National Airlines, but was thwarted, nonetheless selling off the stock he had bought at a sweet profit of $46 million. He made a raid on TWA, but gave up, again selling the stock he had acquired. He turned his attention to Continental, and in a bruising takeover fight was eventually successful; the gentlemanly president of Continental, Alvin Lindbergh Feldman, committed suicide in his office at Los Angeles Airport when he lost out to Lorenzo.

At Continental, Lorenzo almost immediately demanded large wage cuts and started to strip the once-great airline of its assets, selling off some of its aircraft for $21 million. He again showed his skill in attracting capital, through both loans and stock offerings. But although Continental lost $84 million in the first quarter of 1983, the $80 million of cash raised went instead to Texas Air, as a cushion that would let Lorenzo take Continental into bankruptcy for the avowed purpose of breaking its unions. In 1984 a bankruptcy judge not only rejected the union plea for dismissal of the Chapter 11 filing; he ruled that companies in Chapter 11 may cancel "burdensome" union contracts. Lorenzo was ready to take on Eastern.

The workers he would inherit at Eastern were already restive. Under Eastern President Frank Borman, there had been promising experiments in labor-management cooperation, and the unions had made wage concessions of $900 million. But Borman seems to have lost his patience, saying he had tried "cooperation" and would now use "the hammer." In 1985, as wage negotiations were failing to reach agreement, he addressed to employees what became known (infamously) as "The Letter," explaining that the company had decided *unilaterally* to *impose* a continuation of the 1984 wage cuts. This stunned workers at all levels, union and non-union. When both union and non-union pilots remarkably voted to strike on February 21, 1986, by majorities of over 90 percent, Borman issued an ultimatum; he would sell the company or, if a buyer could not be found, file for Chapter 11—unless the union agreed to his terms. When Borman that evening informed the union leaders that Lorenzo had offered to buy Eastern, they made a wide range of concessions, the IAM imposing only one condition: that the board find a chairman who was "acceptable to the employee groups." The board refused and at 3:00 a.m. on February 24 voted to sell to Lorenzo's Texas Air.

Even those hardened by a decade of leveraged mergers are still astounded by the terms of the sale. Eastern, the fifth-largest airline in the country, with over $4 billion in revenues, was sold to Texas Air for $640 million—$10 a share. Of that, only $388 million came in cash, the rest in junk bonds; and of the cash, Texas Air found only $280 million; Eastern put up $108 million of the cash to pay for its acquisition! An extraordinary provision of the agreement guaranteed that Lorenzo would have a 51 percent lock on the voting stock before shareholders had a chance to vote on the acquisition, and before any competing bids could be made. On the night of February 23-24, one serious problem remained. Salomon Brothers, hired by the board to appraise the terms, refused to recommend them as "fair." Eastern's directors were fearful that the shareholders would hold them responsible for a betrayal of their fiduciary responsibility. But a representative of Lorenzo took the outside directors aside and promised to indemnify them for two

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

years against suits brought by the shareholders.

Lorenzo's promise when he bought Eastern—"We have no plan to diminish the size of the airline"—meant no more than had his assurance to a California legislator during the takeover fight for Continental that "we plan to retain Continental's headquarters in Los Angeles." Of course, on obtaining control of Continental, he moved its headquarters to Houston. Similarly, in two-and-a-half years' control of Eastern, he has purposefully set out to reduce it to a minor airline. Texas Air siphons from Eastern (and from other subsidiaries) a wide assortment of fees, aircraft rentals, gas rentals, even gas surcharges. This is "upstreaming," a euphemism for draining subsidiary companies to feed the parent. Eastern pays a $6 million "management" fee to Texas Air, and so far a $41 million charge for strike preparations, including the training of alternative pilots and other personnel—all to brace for a strike provoked by Texas Air's management. Eastern has also had to buy a $25 million junk bond from People Express, a subsidiary of Continental, and has been burdened with an added $40 million in extra interest and depreciation expenses through a complicated change in accounting methods.

The upstreaming of available cash has gone hand in hand with stripping Eastern of its assets. Eastern has sold or agreed to sell almost 50 aircraft, and another 16 are on the block, grounded in the Arizona desert. Lorenzo has shut down Eastern routes to Cleveland, Houston, Chicago, and London, so that Continental may pick up the slack, and valuable gates have been sold to Continental at prices that amount to theft. For example, 11 Eastern gates at Newark were sold to Continental for only $11 million (in promissory notes, at that); yet when Eastern sold Piedmont only eight gates at Charlotte, North Carolina, a much smaller market, it received $25 million.

Perhaps most outrageous of all was the sale of Eastern's SODA reservations system to System One (another Lorenzo company) for junk, a 25-year $100 million bond that pays a miserable six percent. A computerized reservation system is the lifeblood of an airline, and SODA generated a substantial profit for Eastern, including fees for its use by other airlines. System One paid Eastern what was really worth only $35 million in the open market, although when Lorenzo bought the airline Merrill Lynch valued the system at more than $200 million. Eastern has now to rent SODA from System One for $10 million a month. It is no wonder a federal judge has said that Eastern has been reduced to "a lending institution" for its owner.

Lorenzo is only a spectacular example of the leverage operators who in this decade have brought Wall Street scandal, ill repute, and agony by snatching companies from unsuspecting corporate boards, selling off the companies' assets, and installing their own henchmen to "streamline" the new acquisitions. These managers usually know (and care) little about the products or services the companies exist to provide, let alone the people who provide them. It may be said that Lorenzo initially built up Texas International, but since then running an airline has been secondary to his time-consuming pursuit of the credit Texas Air (itself a shell holding company) desperately needs. It has $1 billion in debt, which in 1988 cost $640 million to service.

The labor policies of Lorenzo leading to the present strike at Eastern have been designed to weaken Eastern's work force (by last November, there were 12,500 fewer employees than when he took over), divert thousands of the jobs to non-union Continental, and demand wage concessions and work rules that were bound to provoke labor's opposition. Yet neither Wall Street nor the business press seems persuaded that labor costs are now the cause of Eastern's troubles. During the past decade, Eastern employees have made wage concessions totaling $1.5 billion. A recent congressional report showed that out of seven major airlines, only two (American and Continental) paid lower hourly rates to mechanics than Eastern.

The pilots and mechanics have both been incensed at the threats to safety that Lorenzo's management of Eastern has invited. In July 1988 a ramp inspection by the FAA, ordered by the Department of Transportation, found that 83 aircraft (out of Eastern's fleet of 280) suffered from maintenance problems that warranted their removal from service until repaired. Yet Lorenzo's either terrified or complaisant supervisory staff has cracked down on mechanics who bring serious violations to light.

On October 19, 1987, an Eastern ramp worker had been assigned to hook up an air-conditioning cart to an incoming flight, but he had not been told that the aircraft's auxiliary power unit had failed, so that the pilot was using the aircraft engine to keep the air conditioning running. Since he was wearing ear muffs, the mechanic did not hear the engine. He came too near the engine, and the air-conditioning hose was sucked into it. Mechanics who were then assigned to inspect the engine found damaged compressor blades. On pointing these out to their supervisor, they were told to close up the engine without repairing it. The mechanics protested, and refused to sign off the engine as airworthy. When one mechanic's further inspection found a missing compressor blade as well as damage to others, the supervisor ordered him to stop his inspection, and had a member of management complete the procedure. He then signed the engine off as airworthy. As the mechanics were transferring the engine on a cart, one noticed that its oil tank was loose. He "red-tagged" the tank, a procedure that grounds an aircraft or engine until it is repaired. The supervisor removed the tag. One mechanic who told a TV reporter of such improper maintenance procedures was discharged. Another who reported similar conditions to *U.S. News & World Report* was threatened with dismissal unless he retracted the statement.

Since Lorenzo has so few friends, what is the source of the influence that enables him to sustain his flimsily collateralized empire? There are many answers, but one stands out. When he began making takeover bids for major airlines, he also began to recruit management and board members from federal regulatory agencies. He drew in Philip J. Bakes, a former counsel of the Civil

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This dying child needs a miracle. Her family needs a reporter.

The girl is only 4 years old. She has a rare form of cancer.

Her parents have nothing. No job. No insurance. So, they call you. Do a story, they ask. Help save her life.

But — what happens when the phone rings again...with another child...another crisis...another story? Can you say "yes" to one stricken family and "no" to another?

As reported in FineLine (May, 1989), this real-life ethical dilemma raises tough questions about what happens when journalists are called on to decide who gets news coverage which could mean the difference between life and death.

HAVE YOU FACED A DIFFICULT ETHICAL DECISION WHICH YOU CAN WRITE FOR US? WE'LL PAY YOU $500 FOR EVERY ACCEPTED ARTICLE.

For more information on how you can be a contributor, or subscribe:

CALL TOLL-FREE 1-800-736-0897

FineLine™

The Newsletter On Journalism Ethics

600 E. Main Street, Louisville, Kentucky 40202 • 502/584-8182 • Robin Hughes, Editor • Barry Bingham, Jr., Publisher

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Aeronautics Board who has been president of Eastern since the takeover; Clark Onstad, former chief counsel at the FAA; and Alfred Kahn, former chairman of the CAB. There were more than a dozen such hirings. And the door swings both ways. More recently Fredrick McClure, a former vice president of Texas Air, has become assistant to President Bush for legislative affairs; John Robson, a board member of Continental (and previously chairman of the CAB), has been nominated to be deputy secretary of the treasury; and Robert Davis, formerly of the law firm of Anderson, Hibey, Bauheim and Blair (which represented Eastern), and previously chief of staff at the Department of Transportation under Elizabeth Dole, has been nominated to be solicitor at the Labor Department. There are also now seven more men who have moved from federal agencies to be officers of Continental, Texas Air, or Eastern; and about 20 others who are now employed by the law, lobbying and public relations firms that work for Lorenzo.

But let us gaze longest at the fate of T. Glover Roberts, the federal bankruptcy judge who ruled in the Continental case that Lorenzo could void the union contracts under Chapter 11, a decision that Congress had then to correct by legislation. A few weeks after giving that ruling, Judge Roberts joined Sheinfield, Maley and Kay, the law firm that represented Continental in the bankruptcy proceedings that voided the union contracts, his salary tripling or quadrupling, it is said, to around $250,000 per year.

Lorenzo has from the start been notoriously unable to hang on to his top managers and business partners, including Bob Carney, who has never explained his resignation from Texas Air in March 1986, or his selling of his stake in Jet Capital, though it is known that he questioned the purchase of Continental. Harold Hook, the chairman of American General, the insurance company whose loan helped to carry Lorenzo through the Continental Chapter 11 proceedings, felt betrayed in 1985 when Lorenzo announced a plan to buy back Continental securities that Texas Air did not own, including those owned by American General. Hook, an establishment figure in Texas business, has said: "There is a presumption of good faith and full disclosure and carrying out . . . the spirit of an agreement. . . . You don't treat people as adversaries. You treat them as though you were both working to the same objectives. . . . I would say it is the stuff out which business is carried out in this country." Lorenzo, in his deposition in the lawsuit that Hook brought against him, showed how alien such an attitude is to him. When he had used the word "partner" in a letter to Hook, it "was meant in a loose informal way, wherein one party might help the other if it were in its own interests."

The ruthlessness of Lorenzo, although it would have been enough to set the old muckrakers scavenging to expose him, allowing him no place of hiding, is not really the moral of the abysmal story. It is more important that he represents in a particularly comprehensive way the atmosphere of greed and reckless manipulation, of sham financial transactions, that has grown in the past eight years of Reaganism, at the expense of productive commercial and industrial leadership. The reason Lorenzo has not been called to account, except by the union, is that he represents practices that are so common and tolerated.

The destruction of a great airline is in part the destruction of the pride of its work force at all levels, and its loyalty to the company. As Robert Reich (and, in so many words, also the conservative William Safire) said in "The Battle for Eastern Airlines" on PBS's "Frontline": "If companies are run on the principle of financial management, reducing wages, going deeply into debt, moving pieces of the company around like they were pieces of a Monopoly game, workers are not going to feel loyal. . . . " But disloyal to partners and his own management, Lorenzo does not prize loyalty in his employees. He relies on discipline by terror.

Ted Koppel, racism, and crack.

SCAR TISSUE

By Leon Wieseltier

Several weeks ago, toward the end of Ted Koppel's Town Meeting on drugs and violence in America, a black woman named Patricia Godley gave an extraordinary account of her punishing struggle with drugs, to which she herself once surrendered, and to which she lost a son. The striking thing about Godley's confession was how clearly it could be grasped by people with no experience like hers, who only hear and read about the savage world she described. They could follow her, in their imaginations, into her hell; they could recognize her pain, even if its causes were foreign to them; and their sympathy suggested that the enormity of the differences in the lives now lived in America's cities has not completely destroyed the deep, saving

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

similarity that results when people of many fates have the sense that they are living in a single polity. Godley's words ("I lost my child, but I have not had a drink or a drug behind his death . . .") humbled, but they did not exclude. This fearless, luckless woman spoke from the far end of the same society.

The same cannot be said of Dr. Frances Welsing. About midway through Koppel's program, Welsing approached the microphone and said this:

> I am a psychiatrist, a general psychiatrist and child psychiatrist here in Washington, and I'm disturbed that the program has gone on for such a long time, talking at the level of the symptom and not talking about the disease itself. But I give you credit because you started out the program talking about the Kerner Commission Report. And that was 20 years ago and President Johnson's report on violence, no less, that the number one cause of violence was racism. And racism is the major problem in this area of the world. It's the major problem on the planet. . . .
>
> As a psychiatrist, I do know that people often avoid—you know, truth is painful—and we don't like to talk about racism. It reminds me of Nazi Germany because people didn't like to talk about anti-Semitism . . . so six million people who were considered not to be white people—the term "Semite" means mulatto—and those people were removed because it was a white supremacy system. . . . Six million Jews were killed and it was a plan to kill them. There was the Wannsee conference in Germany where officials sat down at a conference table and planned to kill 11 million people. The Semites of the Jewish religion did not believe that anybody would do that to them, and when people began to talk about "something is being planned to destroy us," I suppose then that people also said, "Oh, that's a conspiracy, nobody would do it." . . .
>
> Racism is a behavior system that is organized because white people are a minority on the planet. They are a tiny minority of the world's people. The black, brown, red, and yellow people are the world's majority. Not only that, white people are genetic recessive in terms of skin colorations. You see, somebody whose skin is white, if they have sexual relations with a black person, the product is colored. And there is the fear of white genetic annihilation. It existed in Europe, it existed in Germany, it exists here today. It's written about in the *Washington Post*, the *New York Times*, the *Washington Times*, where there are discussions that go on like this: "By the year 2080, the majority people in this area of the world are going to be blacks, the Hispanics, and the Asians. Oh, my, we must do something about it." . . .
>
> If we understand the white fear of genetic annihilation, which is why Willie Horton could be used as a very profound symbol by the Republican Party to win this election, then we will understand what is happening to the black male in this society. The black male is a threat to white genetic annihilation. And so he is profoundly attacked in this society. And if we begin to understand that, we understand what happens to the black family if you remove the father, then the son is wandering around confused, doesn't know what to do, will get together with a gang, and ends up being depressed, getting on drugs, and going to prison. . . .
>
> I say that racism is responsible.

This wild and ugly speech—this racist account of racism—was delivered coolly, analytically, by a prominent, sophisticated, smartly attired member of Washington's black middle class. And it was the most enthusiastically received comment of the evening. At the conclusion of Welsing's speech, the entire audience at the Our Lady of Perpetual Help Church in Anacostia rose to its feet and applauded.

In fact, Welsing had put into slightly fancy form a view that had been expressed by the overwhelming majority of the black speakers of the evening. One after another, they insisted that racism is responsible for drugs in the black community. Drugs and racism: they were spoken in the same breath, treated like the same problem. "What are you going to do about the racism?" one man demanded of William J. Bennett, as if it is the job of a drug czar to do something about racism. (Bennett invites such questions, though, when he speaks of his task as the moral regeneration of America.) "Blacks are expendable here," a woman exclaimed. The followers of Farrakhan in the audience did not refer, on this occasion, to their leader's view that the white man is acting genocidally against the black man in America, but somebody did propose that there is "a genocide plan [against] the Afro-American community," that guns are everywhere in the inner city "because they've been dropped right in the hands of the Afro-American community as a plan to destroy [it]."

The explanation from racism is absurd. Eighty percent of the 23 million illicit drug users in America are white (as the former director of the National Institute for Drug Abuse stated on Koppel's show); and there are millions of blacks in America who have not descended to drugs. But the absurdity of the explanation from racism is less troubling than its popularity. Crack is crushing her community and the doctor lectures on Wannsee.

How can people so unhappy be so wrong? Of course, it is the other way around. They are so wrong because they are so unhappy. The popularity of the explanation from racism is itself a measure of the misery of this community. After all, there is no necessary relation between misery and clarity. Hard destinies welcome strange theories. In the kingdom of crack, Welsing's views have the look of rationality.

As do Farrakhan's. Farrakhan's growing esteem in the black community—after his reception at the black summit in New Orleans last month, there can be no doubt about it; and Bennett himself allowed that he admires the "volunteerism" and "self-help" in the Nation of Islam's banishment of drugs from its midst—is also a measure of reality, a measure of the extent to which his fantasies seem plausible in his world. By opening a gulf between the inner city and the outer world, by creating the sort of despair that demagogues need, crack may fulfill the dream of black separatism. I used to think, about Farrakhan's followers, that they are hopeless because they are crazy. Now I wonder whether they are crazy because they are hopeless. The choice between crack and fascism is not, I imagine, a difficult choice to make. "I'm not a Muslim," said a local D.C. official, "but I must warn you that Minister Farrakhan . . . is looked upon by the massive black population in this country as one of the most magnificent men that we have raised up out of our people. It must be understood." On television, Farrakhan's followers looked crisp, proud, clean. They seemed merely to lack selves.

The crisis of the black community must be particular-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ly bitter for coming after, rather than before, the achievement of civil rights. The present predicament seems so unjust not least for being so unexpected. There was a quality of messianic disappointment to the despair that filled the screen in those early morning hours of Koppel's show. Redemption had come, but suffering had not gone. After all that, this. In truth, of course, redemption had not come. What had come was legislation. It marked a revolution in American life; but we (or, at least, liberals; conservatives never tried to transform the society) have been brought by the underclass to the limits of such a revolution. In the end, there may not be legal and political solutions for social and cultural problems.

In this sense, the damage of the '80s is casting a sobering shadow upon the glories of the '60s. It matters little that a man shooting up may vote. And a man who has the right to vote also has the right to shoot up. Free men and women can still ruin each other, and themselves. For this reason, too, the explanation from racism cannot be met (as conservatives like to meet it) with a patriotic, mildly impatient reference to historic gains in civil rights. The drug crisis may not be the work of a white conspiracy, but neither will it be ended by the Voting Rights Act.

The testimony in the Anacostia church seemed, finally, a little dazed; and that, too, was evidence of the dimensions of the difficulty. The overwhelming impression left by the meeting was of perplexity, of an absence of answers. (Bennett's boosterism—"we can beat this problem, we can lick this problem . . ."—sounded utterly hollow.) And into that perplexity rushed the idea of racism.

It is easy, again, to understand why. But it is also easy to indulge the idea, or even to reward it, as a sign of one's own moral or political correctness. That is what Jules Feiffer did when he made Frances Welsing the heroine of his comic strip. "I see my small children in front of small crack houses," says her talking head, "and my teenage daughters with babies, but no man and no hope . . . and my sons committing shocking and senseless acts of violence . . . and my brothers dealing drugs because they perceive it as their only road to wealth and status . . . downtown I see the escalating fear and hate among my 'liberal' white friends . . . and I know the answer. White America is conspiring with South Africa to commit genocide against African-Americans . . . [and then the punch line] . . . Do not sneer at my paranoia. It's my path to survive."

Is coddling really better than sneering? Is paranoia really the secret of survival? Is it really an act of friendship to encourage an endangered group in a false description of its circumstances? For paranoia, as the better-than-liberal Feiffer must know, is precisely such a false description. It is the inability to read a threat correctly. It prefers illusion to truth. It smashes hope. It saps the will or inflames it. It prescribes acquiescence or apocalypse. It is, in short, just what the black community does not need.

Obviously there is racism in America. But racism is not all that may afflict a black man or a black woman—unless you are prepared to reduce all of black life to what Ralph Ellison called "the sum of its brutalization." That is what Welsing did. Her ravings about Nazism did not prove a thing. She demonstrated no link between drugs and racism. Her "argument" amounted to: here is racism, there are drugs, that is all we need to know. The explanation from racism, in other words, is finally not an explanation at all. It is based not on fact, but on feeling. And on one more thing: memory.

The memory of oppression is a pillar and a strut of the identity of every people oppressed. It is no ordinary marker of difference. It is unusually stiffening. It instructs the individual and the group about what to expect of the world, imparts an isolating sense of position, of apartness. It demands a special fidelity, a more durable solidarity. It creates a shared understanding from which the oppressors, and the witnesses to oppression, are forever excluded. It transforms experiences into traditions, as the sons learn to see themselves in the fathers, to discover the earlier in the later; as the many stories of the many generations are made into the single story of the struggle to survive, and are sanctified.

Because it abolishes time and dissolves place, collective memory is an instrument of continuity. That is, because it simplifies. But its simplifications are enabling *and* disabling. Sometimes it makes things seem rather too static, too much alike. Sometimes it stiffens overly. It leaves the individual and the group too skeptical about change; does not ready them for discontinuity, for the fluid moments of reform or revolution, for the possibility of progress. Don't be fooled, it teaches, there is only repetition. For that reason, the collective memory of an oppressed people is not only a treasure, but a trap. It robs people who have been delivered from the *Judengasse* and Jim Crow of the resources they require for problems that are not like the *Judengasse* or Jim Crow.

In the memory of oppression, oppression outlives itself. The scar does the work of the wound. That is the real tragedy: that injustice retains the power to distort long after it has ceased to be real. It is a posthumous victory for the oppressors, when pain becomes a tradition. And yet the atrocities of the past must never be forgotten. This is the unfairly difficult dilemma of the newly emancipated and the newly enfranchised: an honorable life is not possible if they remember too little and a normal life is not possible if they remember too much.

A black man or woman who did not look for racism among the causes of his or her misfortune would be mad. But a black man or woman who found racism everywhere he or she looked for it would also be mad. And that is the way in which Welsing, Farrakhan, and their ilk are mad. They suggest that it is a betrayal of the black past to conclude that today's white people may be innocent of black sufferings. They suggest that blacks who find blacks guilty of the undoing of blacks have forgotten who they are. For blacks are, supremely, victims. They are, forever, the powerless objects of the actions of whites; and all that remains for them is rage or introversion. In the hands of these black leaders, faithfulness to the black past amounts to fatalism about the black future. These black leaders are exploiting the memory of racism, installing the memory of racism at

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How to Get Into Congress Without Being Elected

If you want to know what's going on inside Congress, you've got two choices: The first is to spend umpteen millions of dollars and run for office. And win. The other is to subscribe to ROLL CALL.

ROLL CALL is a twice-weekly independent newspaper with only one subject: what's really happening on the Hill. Since 1955, Members of Congress have been reading it to get the scoop on each other. Now you can read it to get the scoop on them.

We send ROLL CALL to readers on Monday and Thursday, 48 weeks a year, by first-class mail. Or, if you live or work in the downtown Washington area or in midtown New York, we'll deliver your paper by messenger.

So even if you did lose your last election, you can still be a winner. All it takes is a subscription to Roll Call. Just call 202/289-4900 or send in the attached coupon.

Yes! I want to get into Congress. Start my subscription next week for: ROLL CALL

☐ 96 issues, (One year) $135 ☐ 32 issues, $45

Name _____

Company _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Telephone No. _____

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Charge my ☐ Visa ☐ Mastercard

No. _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

Mail to: Roll Call, 900 Second Street, N.E., Washington, DC 20002
Or call us at 202/289-4900 to subscribe.
Remember that you save $25 when you order for two years.

TNR 6/89

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the heart of black culture in the post-civil-rights era.

To propose that drugs are not the result of racism is not to propose that racism has disappeared from America; or that there is nothing valuable in black life in America; or that blacks in America need never be vigilant again. It is to propose, rather, that there are many corners of black life that whites have not touched, that blacks are not putty in the hands of whites, not helpless before their circumstances.

Why would any self-respecting black man or woman want to think otherwise? In the end, it is the racial determinists like Welsing and Farrakhan, those who shrink black experience to a consequence of white prejudice, who are betraying the black past. For if the flowering of Afro-American scholarship during the past two decades has demonstrated anything, it is that the culture and the society of blacks in America was not merely a reflection of their treatment by whites, *even under slavery*. Black history is not reducible to white history. It has been about more than the exchange of masters. One historian, arguing against "the popular formula which has rendered black history an unending round of degradation and pathology," has written that

> this ideal construct—the pure victim—is no more convincing or supported by what we know of human psychology and history than the ideals of pure hero or villain. . . . Even in the midst of the brutalities and injustices of the antebellum and postbellum racial systems black men and women were able to find the means to sustain a far greater degree of self-pride and group cohesion than the system they lived under ever intended them to be able to do. [This] is not to argue that the system was more benign than it has been pictured, but rather that human beings are more resilient, less malleable, and less able to live without some sense of cultural cohesion, individual autonomy, and self-worth than a number of recent scholars have maintained.

"Individual autonomy" is no different from "individual responsibility," which is William Bennett's slogan. For all the coarseness of Bennett's manner, for all his inability to speak with a lively awareness of the adversity of the black experience in America, there *is* something terribly wrong with a horror of individual responsibility. One would have thought that people who teach their children about the house of bondage would be exhilarated by the attribution of agency and accountability to themselves. Instead, some of their leaders are recoiling from it. They are insisting that the blame is society's. The credit, though, is not. What, after all, accounts for *The Souls of Black Folk*, the NAACP, *Concerto for Cootie*, the March on Washington, if not "individual responsibility"? On Koppel's show, "individual responsibility" was received as an insult, as an expression of disrespect. It is exactly the opposite.

Perhaps the deniers of responsibility fear that only the helpless will be helped. They are wrong there, too. A man is not barred from the compassion of others because he is responsible for his own actions. After all, no man, black or white, is completely responsible for the course of his life. The poor, for example, are not generally accountable for their own poverty. But surely the inequality of conditions does not mean that the less than equal are the less than competent. Surely there is a difference between the disadvantaged and the disabled. In any event, it is a long and dangerous road from the social and economic facts of wretchedness to the demonological theories about racism and genocide. "If you remove the father . . . ," said Welsing, in her account of the origins of the drug crisis. If who removes the father? The father removes himself. The Republican Party did not drive him from his bedroom and out the door. It is not racist to remind such a man that he has obligations. It is civilized. Anyway, he, and the family he abandoned, deserves help. Anyway, he, and the family he abandoned, deserves mercy.

Department of Unfunny Coincidences.

AXIS, LTD.

By Murray Sayle

It's odd, any way you look at it. Only yesterday, historically speaking, Germany and Japan were at war with the rest of the world. Both started well, and it took the combined strength of the United States, the British Empire ("English-American devils," in the Japanese phrase), and an unexpected late entry out East, the Soviet Union, to pound them into ruins. Well, we all thought, there's two problems out of the way.

Forty-four years on, the winning combination is in trouble. In Moscow the shops are bare, the minorities mutinous. The United States lives on credit. One resolute grocer's daughter is, according to her admirers, all that stands between Great Britain and catastrophe brought on by decades of free medicine. In all the once United Nations the story is the same: social un-

MURRAY SAYLE has just completed a TV series for PBS and London's Channel Four about the rise of European and Asian fascism in the 1930s, based on the old *March of Time* newsreels.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rest, fading industries, burgeoning trade deficits, incipient inflation, governments that can no longer pay their way.

What a contrast with the two great exemplars of national economic virtue. They run large trade surpluses, enabling them to buy up everyone else's corporations, resources, and real estate. They have huge gold reserves. Their inflation rates are negligible, their currencies diamond-hard. One is the economic heart of an emerging European coalition, the other heads an ominous gang-up of Asian nations. This formidable pair are—two guesses—(West) Germany and Japan.

Can it be—the thought must have occurred to millions, as they tune up the Sony or tool along in the family Mercedes—is it possible that the Axis is back in business, pursuing the old aim of *weltmacht* by subtler, more seductive economic means?

Before we reach for our ration books we need a disclaimer. There is no current West German-Japanese alliance, written or implied. No one calls collect from the prime minister's residence in Tokyo to the Präsidium in Bonn and chuckles, "How's it coming, Helmut? Today the Bel Air Hotel, tomorrow the world, *ne*?" Relations between today's Germans and Japanese are politically polite but economically cool. Japan runs a yearly trade surplus with West Germany approaching $10 billion, second only to Japan's $50 billion to $70 billion surplus with the United States. German optical exports have been wiped out by Japanese competition. German cars are threatened. Japan's biggest European investments and sweetest deals are now with Britain, not West Germany.

And, while we are listing differences, the moods of West Germany and Japan are these days very different. Germans have been explicit in their remorse for the recent past and reasonably forthcoming in attempting restitution, areas in which Japanese politicians have been tight-lipped and pinch-pursed. West German politics look rather like those of the rest of the democratic world, with alternations of leadership, a flourishing women's movement, and zeal in the trendy causes of health and the environment. Japan has had the same party in power since 1955, one with conspicuous ties to the wartime order, and leads no one in social progress. West Germany has admitted millions of foreign workers and agonizes over the slights they suffer. Japan shares its prosperity with no one except a handful of wretchedly exploited prostitutes and laborers under conditions reminiscent of the indenture system. West Germans seem to be trying to live down the past, Japanese to pretend it never happened.

That said, it is still no accident that Japan and West Germany stand apart from all other economies. The historic conditions that produced the Axis have never gone away, nor has the fundamental philosophic dispute between the former members of the Old Fascist Firm and the rest of us ever been resolved. It is, in fact, up for heated discussion right now.

So what was the Axis all about anyway, daddy? Even in each side's propaganda caricatures of the time there is surprising common ground. From our viewpoint we recall how that archetypal badass Austrian Adolf Hitler, dooming millions with a wave of his cake fork, fell in with Benito Mussolini, a serio-comic Italian throwback to the politics of the stiletto and the poisoned ring, updated to rubber clubs and castor oil, and how, together, this overdressed duo plotted the conquest of the world.

When they seemed to be winning they were joined by Emperor Hirohito and General Tojo, a pair of sinister Orientals from central casting, complete with straggly Charlie Chan mustaches and thick eyeglasses, who introduced exotic new motifs: fanatical screams, samurai swords, and bamboo for everything from bridges to suicide bombers. In those days we were fighting alongside the Soviet Union, not exactly an Athenian democracy, so after some confusion our common cause had by 1943 boiled down to a crusade by the "peace-loving nations" against the "aggressor nations." I remember as a child wondering why the peace-loving nations started off with so much territory and the aggressors so little, but in the excitement of those years I thought no more of it.

The other side, of course, thought of little else. From their viewpoint, two leaders of genius plus a storybook emperor had been sent by providence to right the historic wrongs of the world. Mussolini had begun as one of Italy's foremost Marxists, and his view, soon adopted by the others, was that the war was the culmination of the international class struggle, a righteous revolution of the "have-not" nations against the "plutocrat" nations. This ingenious formulation enabled an Italian millionaire to see himself as oppressed by, say, a Donbas coal miner, and of course justified all manner of violence. What united the Axis, therefore, was not a racial theory or an argument over dictatorship vs. democracy, but a shared view about who should control the world's resources—not, needless to say, the United States, Britain, or the Soviet Union.

Although Mussolini was the thinker of the Axis camp and most of his countrymen agreed that Italy should have an empire, they were not prepared to fight for one, and unfanatical Italy soon dropped the Axis style—and incidentally now has much the same trade deficits and economic malaise as everyone else. Germany, however, fought on to the end, while Japan held off the world's strongest industrial powers in defensive battles as ferocious as any in history. It is these last two whose present economic might seems to be echoing their astounding performance in war. Germans and Japanese cannot both be the master race. So what else, we need to know, do they have in common?

For a start both Germany and Japan were, in Axis times, new industrial nations, latecomers among the world powers. The combination of Prussian generals, Austrian dreamers, and Rhineland engineers the Führer threw against the world only began to take shape with the unification of Germany in 1870. Japan in its modern form dates from only two years earlier, 1868, when Emperor Meiji moved to Tokyo as the front-god for a clique of fire-eating young samurai bent on expelling the foreign, mostly English-speaking devils from their country and winning Japan's true place in the sun.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kaiser Wilhelm's Germany was in most things the model for Meiji's Japan, with a powerful bureaucracy manipulating a figurehead emperor, a parliament of yes-men, an education system given to military-style uniforms copied from Prussia, and a state-directed drive toward industrialization with a single overriding aim—to catch up with the arrogant Anglos who seemed to rule the world.

The similarity in national pasts and styles that led the Japanese to discover Germany as a political model has often been commented on. For centuries the Japanese looked enviously into the Chinese Empire, but were never part of it, just as the Germans did with Rome. Both developed an immense, even exaggerated respect for book-learning, but neither ever lost their preference for the warrior values of will and endurance, obedience and loyalty. Neither Japan nor Germany, the perpetual outsiders, ever adopted the notion of the free citizen and the sovereign individual, or ever gave up the tribal certainty that anyone who disagreed with the group or the nation had to be wrong.

One day, tribal solidarity was going to have unexpected economic advantages. It's great for zero-defect manufacturing, for instance—no one wants to be the odd man out who bolted the headlights on upside-down. It is also a remedy for wage inflation—if we're all exporting together for national survival and glory, it's easy to keep wage demands in step with gains in productivity, and brother does your currency get hard.

But these were not fashionable ideas in the 1870s when newly united Germany and revitalized Japan studied the international economic system they planned to join. Neither liked the political and moral shape of the world then, and neither has much liked it since, although things started to look up for Germany in 1917 and for both in 1942, only to fade again at Midway and Stalingrad. What was wrong with the planet was that the wrong people with the wrong ideas were running it the wrong way. For the roots of these complaints—or our case against the Axis, if you prefer—we must look back not one century but two, to when the English speakers first established the lead the others have been trying to close ever since.

1776 is a good date for the breakaway. In that year Britain exchanged a prospective super-Vietnam for a useful trading partner, the firm of James Watt and Matthew Boulton went into the steam engine game in Birmingham, England, and, most important, Professor Adam Smith of the University of Glasgow published *An Enquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations*, the least understood and (*Das Kapital* excepted) least read great book ever written.

A nation is wealthy, said Smith, when the things that people need and want are easily come by (on which test, of course, the United States is still the world's richest country, Japan by far the poorest of the industrial nations, and steadily getting poorer). Stocks of gold and silver (and, we might add, other people's IOUs) do not, Smith argued, constitute national wealth, and therefore the dodge of exporting everything exportable and importing nothing you can do without, and thus compelling your trading partners to settle up in bullion or IOUs—"mercantilism," Smith called it—is not the way to national wealth. Free, two-way trade was Dr. Smith's prescription. "Any trade between two parties," he says, in the shortest formulation of his idea, "benefits both"—and then adding a phrase that his disciples always leave out—"but not necessarily to the same extent."

Smith, however, addressed his message to a nation that already had a large sailing-boat empire scattered around the world and was just about to pioneer the Industrial Revolution, the biggest thing since cultivated wheat—a nation, moreover, of staunch individualists who had beheaded a king long before the French ever thought of it. Everyone, said Smith, should be free—free to trade, free to make money, free to export and import anything they liked, free to tell the government to mind its own business. If only the whole world followed these attractive principles everyone would get rich, Smith promised. He did not add that the British, with their industrial head start, ships, and trading empire, were likely on the Smith plan to get rich quicker than anyone else.

The future adornment of a million neckties is usually taken as the patron saint of capitalism, and for good reason—he and his followers had discovered the second-fastest system of economic growth ever stumbled on by man. The principle of private individuals backing their ideas with other people's money and allowing the international marketplace to sort out the good ideas from the bad, as Watt and Boulton had borrowed $14,000 to get the world into steam, was marvelously flexible and good at both uprooting outdated technologies and directing resources into new, untried ones.

The novel ethic behind it, that if every individual tried his hardest to become rich an invisible hand would make sure that everyone benefited, made the pursuit of wealth a virtue, not a vice, and worried many clergymen. Merchants, manufacturers, and bankers, hearing that they were now the key members of the human race, loved it. There is, indeed, a wonderful lack of vile self-interest in letting the impersonal marketplace decide—especially if you're reasonably sure it will decide in your favor.

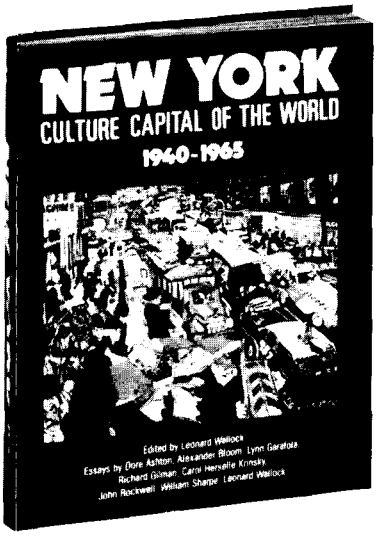
The revolting American colonists, fearing that the marketplace would decide for Britain, allowed their West Indian Scot, Alexander Hamilton, to build them a good stout wall of tariffs to protect their infant industries. It was not, in fact, until the early 20th century that the United States, by then the world's lowest cost economy, took up the free trade cause, although—as the events of the Great Depression were to show, and current discontents confirm—never, except at the University of Chicago, quite as wholeheartedly as their British cousins.

This did not stop Americans from aping the exploits of the British of the 19th century, in which free-trading English speakers snapped up most of the remaining resource-rich temperate parts of the planet (the Russians, prophetically, got the rest), completed the world trading system, a.k.a. liberal capitalism (the historic task assigned us by no less than Karl Marx), opened up the unwilling East, and made fractured English the world's

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GEORGE ABBOTT ■ EDWARD ALBEE ■ LAURENCE ALLOWAY ■ MARIAN ANDERSON ■ HANNAH ARENDT ■ JOHN ASHBERY ■ BROOKS ATKINSON ■ GEORGE BALANCHINE ■ JAMES BALDWIN ■ JOHN BARBIROLLI ■ ED BEGLEY ■ NORMAN BEL GEDDES ■ DANIEL BELL ■ RUDOLF BING ■ MARCEL BREUER ■ LENNY BRUCE ■ JOHN CAGE ■ LUCIA CHASE ■ BETTY COMDEN ■ HENRY STEELE COMMAGER ■ GREGORY CORSO ■ AARON COPLAND ■ MERCE CUNNINGHAM ■ WILLEM DE KOONING ■ AGNES DE MILLE ■ ALLEN GINSBERG ■ NATHAN GLAZER ■ ARSHILE GORKY ■ CLEMENT GREENBERG ■ PEGGY GUGGENHEIM ■ OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN ■ WALLACE HARRISON ■ LILLIAN HELLMAN ■ THOMAS HESS ■ RICHARD HOFSTADTER ■ SIDNEY HOOK ■ LANGSTON HUGHES ■ PHILIP JOHNSON ■ ELIA KAZAN ■ JACK KEROUAC ■ LINCOLN KIRSTEIN ■ IRVING KRISTOL ■ ROY LICHTENSTEIN ■ WALTER LIPPMANN ■ DWIGHT MACDONALD ■ ETHEL MERMAN ■ DIMITRI MITROPOULOS ■ HANS MORGENTHAU ■ ROBERT MOTHERWELL ■ REINHOLD NIEBUHR ■ CLIFFORD ODETS ■ FRANK O'HARA ■ EUGENE O'NEILL ■ NORMAN PODHORETZ ■ JACKSON POLLOCK ■ JOSE QUINTERO ■ PHILIP RAHV ■ ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG ■ AD REINHARDT ■ LARRY RIVERS ■ HAROLD ROSENBERG ■ EMERY ROTH & SONS ■ MARK ROTHKO ■ EERO SAARINEN ■ ROGER SESSIONS ■ FRANK STELLA ■ CLYFFORD STILL ■ EDWARD DURELL STONE ■ MARIA TALLCHIEF ■ PAUL TAYLOR ■ LIONEL TRILLING ■ BRUNO WALTER ■ E.B. WHITE ■ THORNTON WILDER ■ WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS ■ GEORGE ABBOTT ■ EDWARD ALBEE ■ LAURENCE ALLOWAY ■ MARIAN ANDERSON ■ HANNAH

The gang's all here!


NEW YORK
CULTURE CAPITAL OF THE WORLD
1940-1965
Edited by Leonard Wallock
Essays by Dore Ashton, Alexander Bloom, Lynn Garafola
Richard Gilman, Carol Herselle Krinsky
John Rockwell, William Sharpe, Leonard Wallock

NEW YORK: Culture Capital of the World 1940–1965
Edited by Leonard Wallock.

Essays by Dore Ashton, Alexander Bloom, Lynn Garafola, Richard Gilman, Carol Herselle Krinsky, John Rockwell, William Sharpe, and Leonard Wallock. Highly respected critics and experts describe New York when it was Camelot. Full of facts, intriguing anecdotes, and marvelous period photographs, this nostalgic volume recaptures the era 1940 to 1965, when New York led the world in music, dance, theatre, art, architecture and literature. No other book provides a more comprehensive portrait of the city during these years of intellectual ferment and artistic creativity. 280 pages. 9″ × 10″. 320 illus., 80 in color. $65

BROOKS ATKINSON ■ GEORGE BALANCHINE ■ JAMES BALDWIN ■ JOHN BARBIROLLI ■ ED BEGLEY ■ NORMAN BEL GEDDES ■ DANIEL BELL ■ RUDOLF BING ■ MARCEL BREUER ■ LENNY BRUCE ■ JOHN CAGE ■ LUCIA CHASE ■ BETTY COMDEN ■ HENRY STEELE COMMAGER ■ GREGORY CORSO ■ AARON COPLAND ■ MERCE CUNNINGHAM ■ WILLEM DE KOONING ■ AGNES DE MILLE ■ ALLEN GINSBERG ■ NATHAN GLAZER ■ ARSHILE GORKY ■ CLEMENT GREENBERG ■ PEGGY GUGGENHEIM ■ OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN ■ WALLACE HARRISON ■ LILLIAN HELLMAN ■ THOMAS HESS ■ RICHARD HOFSTADTER ■ SIDNEY HOOK ■ LANGSTON HUGHES ■ PHILIP JOHNSON ■ ELIA KAZAN ■ JACK KEROUAC ■ LINCOLN KIRSTEIN ■ IRVING KRISTOL ■ ROY LICHTENSTEIN ■ WALTER LIPPMANN ■ DWIGHT MACDONALD ■ ETHEL MERMAN ■ DIMITRI MITROPOULOS ■ HANS MORGENTHAU ■ ROBERT MOTHERWELL ■ REINHOLD NIEBUHR ■ CLIFFORD ODETS ■ FRANK O'HARA ■ EUGENE O'NEILL ■ NORMAN PODHORETZ ■ JACKSON POLLOCK ■ JOSE QUINTERO ■ PHILIP RAHV ■ ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG ■ AD REINHARDT ■ LARRY RIVERS ■ HAROLD ROSENBERG ■ EMERY ROTH & SONS ■ MARK ROTHKO ■ EERO SAARINEN ■ ROGER SESSIONS ■ FRANK STELLA ■ CLYFFORD STILL ■ EDWARD DURELL STONE ■ MARIA TALLCHIEF ■ PAUL TAYLOR ■ LIONEL TRILLING ■ BRUNO WALTER ■ E.B. WHITE ■ THORNTON WILDER ■ WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS ■ GEORGE ABBOTT ■ EDWARD ALBEE ■ LAURENCE ALLOWAY ■ MARIAN ANDERSON ■ HANNAH

Write for free "Camelot Contest" based on the text of this book.
Win 2 nights for 2 people at the Algonquin Hotel in New York City.

RIZZOLI INTERNATIONAL PUBLICATIONS, INC.
Sales Department NR / 597 Fifth Avenue / New York, New York 10017

TOLL FREE PHONE NUMBER FOR CREDIT CARD ORDERS:
1-800-433-1238 (IN NEW YORK CALL (212) 223-0100)
ASK FOR EXT. 79 AND REFER TO *DEPT. NR*

Enclosed is my payment in the amount of $_____ for _____ copies of *NEW YORK: CULTURE CAPITAL OF THE WORLD 1940–1965* ($65.00 each) plus $2.50 for shipping (regardless of quantity).

My method of payment is: ☐ CHECK ☐ MONEY ORDER
CREDIT CARD: ☐ AMEX ☐ MASTERCARD ☐ VISA

SIGNATURE_____
CARD # _____
NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY _____ STATE____ ZIP CODE_____
ALLOW TWO WEEKS FOR DELIVERY (New York State residents add sales tax)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

first truly international business language.

All this went down poorly with the stay-at-home Germans and Japanese, longing from afar to get in on the action. Although their institutions were based on the Germans', the Japanese prudently decided to go along, at first, with the Anglos, who successfully used gunboat salesmanship to pry open Japanese markets. Germany viewed the Anglo-Saxon octopus with dismay and the philosophy behind it with distaste. The Tübingen economist Friedrich List had personally witnessed the Yankees grubbing money in Pennsylvania (and himself grubbed a bundle in coal) and later wrote that he could never understand why it was virtuous for an individual to seek wealth but wrong for a nation to do so. No mainstream German or Japanese has ever since seen why, either.

Japanese and Germans came to despise the nation of shopkeepers and its American apprentice. Not the least of our sins was the fact that the globe had been won not by the good German sword or its Japanese equivalent, but by trade, and mostly in peace. While it was true that war, that most insatiable of consumers, played some part in the evolution of mass production, in general the English speakers advanced to world power with the slogan, "Folks, have we got a deal for you!"

One thing led to another (well documented in *The Rise of the Anglo-German Antagonism 1860-1914*, the good, early book by the prolix Professor Paul Kennedy), and by the 1890s Kaiser Bill was busy enlarging his army and building a navy to put an end to grocer-power once and for all. What was supposed to be a summer's campaign turned into total war, which Germany would have lost earlier had it not been for the efforts of the brilliant industrialist Walter Rathenau. Assuming control of German industry, he set up an organization to ration raw materials, to set production targets, and to arrange for locally made substitutes for whatever could no longer be imported through the British blockade, most notably nitrogen to make high explosives in place of the low-tech Peruvian bird droppings used by the Allies. For his patriotic efforts, Rathenau, a Jew, was murdered by proto-Nazis in 1922.

Germany went down to defeat, but not before carving a large temporary empire out of Poland and Russia in the east and coming close, in the desperate early battles of 1918, to knocking out Britain and France as well. The former battalion runner of the List Regiment, Cpl. Adolf Hitler, never had any coherent ambition beyond a rerun of 1918 with a different outcome. Mindful of Germany's earlier experience, the Nazis began the next war with synthetic oil, synthetic coffee, synthetic rubber, and synthetic everything else they could think of, in hopes of reducing the need for imports to zero. Brother dictator Josef Stalin, himself no friend of liberal capitalism, gave Hitler what help he could with shipments of oil and grain and was contemplating joining the Axis himself for a share of the loot, only to be attacked in his turn for the *lebensraum* and raw materials he was sitting on.

The plain lesson of all this was that those who planned to make war on the great naval powers, that is, on the international economy, were well advised to expect a blockade and would surely lose unless they had developed self-contained, autarchic economies that could get along without any imports at all, meanwhile developing a powerful capacity to manufacture and export—war being, in its economic aspect, pretty much all exports.

Characteristically, Japan got into the Axis by imitation. No one pondered the German collapse of 1918 more deeply than the Japanese, even though they had nominally been on the Allied side and had been awarded the German concessions in China for their small trouble. The Japanese military, subject to little civilian control, drew two lessons from 1918: the first, false, was that the right war would bring big gains for little pain; the second, true, was that if an advanced continental power like Germany could be blockaded into defeat, the resourceless islands of Japan stood no chance of winning a new-style total war.

In Japan between the wars, what the military wanted it usually got. In 1927, in return for a temporary troop cut of four divisions, the army minister got approval for the setting up of a Cabinet Resources Bureau, modeled directly on Rathenau's *Kriegsrohstoff-Abteilung*, to begin putting Japanese industry on a potential war footing. In 1933 the army set up a Japanese puppet state, "Manchukuo," in the Chinese province of Manchuria with the aim of building a blockade-proof heavy industrial base on the Asian mainland. This was still not enough; in 1937 they pushed on into China south of the Wall, and into full-scale war. Ironically, the deeper the Japanese went into China in search of autarchy, the more dependent they became on imports, particularly from America, of oil, scrap iron, and strategic minerals. Something had to give. It soon did.

In November 1936 Japan and Germany were the founder members of the Anti-Comintern Pact, a declaration of ideological solidarity in the global crusade against communism that has still, a half century on, never taken place. The pact was also an advertisement that Japan's geographical position threatening Russia, the basis of all its alliances, was available to parties other than Britain and the United States. In September 1940 Japan joined Germany and Italy's Pact of Steel, the idea being that this would deter the United States from applying economic sanctions against the faltering Japanese war on China.

The munitions for the China war were mostly made in China—that is, in the Manchukuo puppet state. The Japanese military had originally hoped that international capitalists would assist them in developing Manchukuo, but none showed interest. Deciding that if they were to wait for the invisible hand they might wait forever, the army summoned a group of young bureaucrats from the Finance Ministry in Tokyo, who in turn persuaded a bankrupt textile concern from Osaka, Nissan, to try its luck under army protection in the new colony.

In Manchuria, Nissan, the bureaucrats, and their army backers devised a new form of economics, capitalism without capital, based on bank credit and a market share guaranteed by the only customer, the army, which eliminated all risk. This system was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

brought back to Japan itself by Gen. Hideki Tojo, chief of the army in Manchukuo, and his economic sidekick Nobosuke Kishi, who became his munitions minister. The Americans had tried cutting off strategic exports to compel Japan to abandon the war against China; the Japanese responded by lunging for replacements, especially oil, in Southeast Asia, after first having a go at eliminating the U.S. Pacific Fleet, inconveniently based in Hawaii and doing even better against the British base at Singapore.

As munitions minister, Kishi (prime minister after the war and, according to Lyndon B. Johnson, "one of the finest leaders the Free World has produced") found all the legal and bureaucratic machinery already in place for a duplication of the Manchurian system in Japan, where it achieved extraordinary feats of wartime production. When the war ended Kishi was arrested as a war criminal but never tried, while his Munitions Ministry changed its name back to the Ministry of Commerce and Industry, with the same bureaucrats in the same offices using the same battered telephones, and with much the same aim—national survival, this time through harmless exports.

In 1949, under the misguided guidance of the American Occupation, the MCI merged with the Board of Trade to become the Ministry of International Trade and Industry, the dreaded MITI, supplying the missing administrative link to bring the coordination of domestic industry *and* foreign trade under the same authority. Throw in close relations with the Ministry of Finance and its executive arm, the Bank of Japan, and we have Japan Inc., an export economy on steroids, a structure with no parallel in the non-communist world—except in West Germany, where the Bundesbank and the Wirtschaftsministerium have much the same powers (not surprising, as both systems trace back to Imperial Germany's efforts to stand off the world 75 years ago).

The marks of the century-long search for autarchy can be seen by any visitor to Japan. The magnificently equipped factories, mostly with the big industrial names of the war years (Nissan, for example), are seldom more than a few kilometers from handsomely appointed docks where purpose-built ships wait to haul away the exports. The import side, descended from the black market of the Occupation, is by contrast a barely tolerated cottage industry that operates at the other end of a sclerotic distribution system, endlessly paying "squeeze" to local politicians and rapacious tiers of middlemen. Naturally, given these social arrangements, the money rolls in and a lot less trickles out, with huge trade surpluses the result.

The rival philosophies can be seen behind the current dispute between the United States and Japan over microchips, specifically large-scale integrated circuits. Japan leads the world in these key devices because MITI decided back in 1957 that consumer electronics, with few raw material requirements and excellent export prospects, would be Japan's core industry. The fact that U.S. industry led the world in those days only showed that there was a big, rich market waiting to be penetrated.

The MITImen took "strategic measures to foster the industry"—that is, they called meetings of prospective manufacturers, allotted tasks, awarded market shares, and arranged finance. The industries gladly cooperated, as anyone would with a bureaucracy able to protect them from foreign competition, and after a while the security of the leash and the food bowl become indispensable—and with the MITImen often coming from the industry they are supervising, everybody knows *everybody*. MITI showed particular concern not with the finished electronic gadgets but with the components. As the (MITI-sponsored) Electronic Industries Association of Japan explains, "A competitive electronics industry needs competitive components"—the autarchic, us-against-the-world approach to manufacturing anything.

The result is that Japan now has 90 percent of the world market for large-scale chips and, through its near-monopoly, controls electronics production not only at home but in South Korea, Taiwan, and China as well. In the United States, by contrast, the heads attached to the invisible hand decided there was more money in junk bonds or medical-care franchises, just as Dr. Smith ordered. The unglamorous electrical components industry atrophied, while the same hand signaled bottom-line-conscious U.S. manufacturers to buy zero-defect Japanese components. The United States is now claiming it was promised 20 percent of the Japanese market in large-scale chips in 1985 and only got 11 percent, to which MITI replies that this ratio represents the real American competitiveness—which, considering that the U.S. components industry has received no fostering, pampering, or cosseting of any kind, is no doubt true enough. The marketplace, as Dr. Smith would say, has decided.

In fact, the world marketplace, meaning you and I, has decided that liberal capitalism is not the recipe for the fastest economic growth, because export-led, centrally coordinated illiberal capitalism is. The proof is that, when the chips were down, so to speak, we adopted much the same system ourselves. Far from waiting for the invisible hand to equip us to fight the Axis, we used war production boards, compulsory market sharing, resource allocation, dollar-a-year bureaucrats, and even company songs. When the danger passed, we couldn't get back to our what's-in-it-for-me ways quick enough—what else were we fighting for?

The one-time Axis powers, particularly Japan, behave like creatures from another economic world because they *are* from another world and they did not exactly ask to join ours in the first place. However, they're here now, and we must either adapt to their economics or persuade them to take up ours. The first thing we should do is review our understanding of Adam Smith. Leaving everything to the invisible hand was fine for seafaring people who were safe behind salt water, who had a long lead in technology, and who could buy up the world for beads and blankets. The despised mercantilists *needed* all that bullion to equip armies, hire mercenaries, increase their tax base, and find their rightful place in the sun. Their modern successors who have found a peaceful way of doing the same thing will be happy to let the marketplace decide—as long as it decides for them. •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Everything for Sale

Adelphi University ran a full-page advertisement in the *New York Times* of May 5 with the headline: WHY THE MOST INTERESTING UNIVERSITY IN THE COUNTRY STOOPS SO LOW AS TO ADVERTISE ITSELF. Other, evidently less interesting universities, including Yale and Harvard, have been advertising for years, though rarely with full pages, but this ad was notable for its wriggle of apology. Buried in the copy was a nervous chuckle: an Adelphi liberal education might even get you "an entry level shot (God help you!) producing print ads on Madison Avenue."

That apologetic tone was a lingering vestige of an age when advertising was not acceptable in absolutely every profession. Now universities advertise, on radio and TV as well as in print; doctors and lawyers and dentists put ads in subways and buses. (They remind me of a story that my father, a dentist, used to tell. At the turn of the century a New York dentist named Hanks had a gigantic uniformed doorman standing in front of his door calling out to passers-by: "Hanks yanks! Hanks yanks!") In the midst of this clamor, the Adelphi ad sounded an almost touching note of embarrassment.

Our ad-inundated culture has had in it for decades a contrapuntal vein of satire—fiction, plays, and films. The first landmark novel in the field was Frederic Wakeman's *The Hucksters* (1946)—called "the *Uncle Tom's Cabin* of advertising." More vivid was a sci-fi novel titled *The Space Merchants* (1953) by Frederik Pohl and C. M. Kornbluth, set in the future when the advertising agencies have taken over, when the upper house of Congress is made up of senators from large corporations, when armed warfare occurs between ad agencies, and when the task facing the hero, a Copysmith Star-Class, is to persuade Americans to emigrate to Venus. All this satire has had the effect of most satire: nil. Instead, satire on advertising is now a component of our advertising culture.

What has changed, however, in recent years is the focus of the satire. Originally it was directed against Madison Avenue. Latterly it has been aimed at the whole world that contains and accepts Madison Avenue as a life-giving artery. This phenomenon, the acceptance of advertising hype as a given—as probably untrue but who cares?—is the subject of a new English film called **How to Get Ahead in Advertising** (Warner Bros.).

A few weeks ago Andrew Sullivan wrote in these pages: "British skills in language, presentation, irony have been central to British domination, even in the United States, of the ad industry." The author-director of this film, Bruce Robinson, uses skills in language, irony, and presentation to attack that domination. Robinson was an actor (the English lieutenant in Truffaut's *Story of Adèle H.*), then wrote the screenplay of *The Killing Fields*, then became a writer-director with *Withnail and I* in 1987. That poignant film, about two young Englishmen leaving the 1960s, sticks in the mind: its enlarged language and performance reflected a reticent culture in exceptional, heated conditions. *How to Get Ahead* takes this quality even further, as if the hothouse life of the ad agency were becoming not anomalous, but English society in extremis.

At the start Richard E. Grant (who played Withnail), a Copysmith Star-Class, is addressing a company meeting. He circles the table with a long speech in which he sets the ground for a forthcoming campaign, for all campaigns to come—a composite of the average British consumer, drawn with discomfiting perception, rapier slash. Every food they merchandise, he says, must be low in something. If not, it must be high in something else. But the new crisis he faces is daunting, despite his knowledge—not a food but a pimple cream. He must come up with a name for the cream and a campaign by Monday.

The film's first half hour or so, bitingly comic, takes Grant through the storms of office crisis and personal torment, including a talk with his cool but adroitly pressuring boss. (On the boss's wall hangs a copy of Sargent's portrait of Henry James.) He even simmers at lunch with his wife, who is used to helping him through these tempests. What keeps us fixed in this first portion, full of familiar

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Chocolat. *Quiet, implicative beauty in a young Frenchwoman's re-creation of her childhood in Cameroon and her discovery of subsequent changes. (Reviewed 4/17/89)* **Lawrence of Arabia.** *An unusual double strength. It's both a wonderful "movie movie" and a fine work of art. Not to be missed or forgotten. (2/20/89)* **Major League.** *Funny, exciting, fictitious. The Cleveland Indians, suffering from a malevolent owner, decide that the best way to revenge themselves is to win the pennant. Do they? Enjoy finding out. (5/8/89)* **Little Vera.** *The candid revelations about Soviet living conditions and the malaise of the young don't obscure the quality of the acting and directing. Natalya Negoda, the Vera, is winning. (5/1/89)* —**SK**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

material, is the daringly virtuosic performance by Grant, the charm of Rachel Ward as his wife, the serpentine clamminess of Richard Wilson as the boss, and Robinson's pyrotechnical writing.

Then the film, still comic, changes mode—from fevered realism to symbolic fantasy. We are looking at the exterior of Grant's luxe country house when suddenly two cartoon birds fly out of the chimney, swoop and flutter. This surprise Disney touch signals the shift. Grant develops a boil on his neck; the boil swells rapidly, then acquires eyes, a mouth—a voice. His wife of course thinks that he's developed the boil under pimple-cream pressure and has flipped under the same pressure. A doctor is called, a psychiatrist is consulted, friends are insulted by the frantic Grant. In due course—due, that is, as the symbolism becomes clear—the boil, whose voice is satanic, grows big enough to take over the body of Grant himself while the original Grant, who had some traces of Good in him, himself becomes a boil on the Bad Grant's neck.

The new Bad Grant looks exactly like the Good one, plus mustache, so he completely takes the other's place, athletically enjoys his wife, and pushes any redeeming qualities of the former Grant right out of the picture. There is hope, because the pustule of Good still remains on his neck; but meanwhile the Bad exults in triumph and means to push on to even greater glories in Adland.

Robinson didn't quite know how to finish his film. The end is a mirror of the beginning, another long speech. The opening, by Grant I, was a master's cynical proof of his mastery; the finish by Grant II hails advertising in a quasi-religious rhapsody as the world (he says) becomes one great shop. Like the whole film, the rhapsody is well written, but it leaves us feeling that the close is yet to come rather than that this is the close itself. Some of the story stratagems—the near-crazed Grant's attempts to destroy consumer items, the cartoon birds—are strained. But paired with Withnail, *How to Get Ahead* establishes Robinson as a fine-tuned temperament and a keen mind with plentiful talent to use them both.

A salute to the producers George Harrison, Denis O'Brien, and Ray Cooper for midwifing this eccentric, disquieting film. And a further salute to Grant, for whom Robinson quite obviously wrote the script. Grant has a voice and an ear, force and wit and lithe presence. Much, I hope, lies ahead of him.

Larkin's Eggs

BY EDWARD MENDELSON

Collected Poems by Philip Larkin edited with an introduction by Anthony Thwaite

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 330 pp., $22.50)

The worst disservice Philip Larkin's readers did to him was believing what he told them. A writer, like a government, speaks with two voices, an official one and an unofficial one. Only the second is truthful. In a government, the two voices are easily distinguished. The official spokesman stands behind a lectern and reads a prepared statement saying that everything is under control and progress is assured on all fronts. The unofficial spokesman cups his hand over a telephone in the back room and quietly tells a reporter that all hell has broken loose.

A writer's two voices are equally distinct, although readers have a natural tendency to conflate them. The official voice speaks smoothly and consistently through interviews, lectures, and essays. The unofficial one argues with itself in novels, plays, and poems. The official voice either has all the answers or at least knows how to clarify and contain the question. The unofficial voice has nothing but questions.

In most writers the official voice is the voice of clarity and optimism, while the unofficial voice points to the dilemmas and darknesses that the official voice ignores. In Larkin, this pattern was reversed. His official voice spoke in essays and interviews about permanently lowered expectations, and adopted a comically aggressive tone of provincial disgust with everything in the contemporary world, including Larkin himself. His critics (with the honorable exceptions of Barbara Everett, Andrew Motion, and Seamus Heaney), finding the same disgust and constraint in the poetry, tended to assume that Larkin's official voice was an adequate spokesman for the unofficial one.

By the time Larkin died in 1985, at the age of 63, he had created an official self-portrait of the artist as bitter, disillusioned, lonely, resentful of any energy and happiness enjoyed by others—even while he insisted that their energy was doomed and their happiness an illusion. But this partial portrait was no more truthful than any other official one. Larkin suffered all the bitterness of his official prose, but the alternative truth spoken quietly by his poems was a shy, persistent vision of freedom and exaltation.

Larkin seems to have been embarrassed by his own vision, and did his best to help readers ignore it. Most of the reviewers of his *Collected Poems* have been too busy quoting his famously caustic aphorisms to look for anything else, and it is hard to blame them. His deceptively unreflective style, the formal perfection of his rhymed and rhythmical stanzas, served as an effective camouflage for Larkin's vortices of feeling. More than any other British writer of his time, he seemed to transform the material bleakness of the austere 1940s and 1950s, and then the moral bleakness of the moneyed 1960s and 1970s, into an inescapable statement of the bleakness of almost everything.

In Larkin's official version of the human condition, life started badly and ended worse. From the moment you were born it was already too late to change for the better, because "They fuck you up, your mum and dad." And the poem that opened with this line closed with the advice that logically followed: "And don't have any kids yourself." If you try to think of art as a compensation for life's failures (as the unofficial Larkin in fact believed), the official Larkin offered the disillusion of long experience: "Get stewed: / Books are a load of crap." And if you dared to look toward something better, Larkin brought you down to earth in one poem after another that looked with unrelieved horror toward "the whole hideous inverted childhood" of old age—"and then the only end of age." The building most likely to appear in a Larkin poem is the hospital, imagined repeatedly as a cliff lowering over the hopes of anyone still living.

Larkin's laments over the decrepitude of age were so constant in the poems he published in his lifetime that it isn't surprising to find more of the same among the 80 poems first gathered in the posthumous *Collected Poems*. One almost predictable poem begins:

I feared these middle years,
The middle sixties,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When deftness disappears
And each event is
Freighted with a source-encrusting doubt,
And turned to drought.

Or, more accurately, it would be unsurprising to find such a poem about old age if Larkin had actually written it. The poem he wrote instead—deliberately misquoted a couple of lines back—speaks of "these present years,/The middle twenties," and was written when he was only 26. This suggests that when he wrote in the same way in later years he used age and death partly as disguising symbols of a different kind of loss. In fact, Larkin dwelled from the start on losses that were absolute and pervasive. And his sense of loss was less a satiric protest against the condition of the universe than an explicit sense that he was lost or divided from something—something that was desirable, calm, lovely, unalterable, and utterly inaccessible.

Even in the rare moments when Larkin modulated his bitterness to turn briefly sentimental over the possibility of happiness, the happiness he imagined lay somewhere over the horizon, outside the life he could perceive. The erotic energies of the couples on the train to London after the Whitsun weddings swell "Like an arrow-shower/Sent out of sight, somewhere becoming rain." In "Sad Steps" the "strength and pain/Of being young" is lost for Larkin but "is for others undiminished somewhere." The direction marker always points somewhere else.

DRAWING BY JACK COUGHLIN FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Larkin's lost or distant treasure came into clearer focus as it grew more distant. In his early poems it took the vague form of an elusive and imaginary lover whose absence Larkin found more moving than the presence of any living woman could be. In his later poems, it transformed itself into a vivid intensity beyond understanding, a celestial emptiness more compelling than anything earthly and tangible. Whatever form it took, it was always exempt from time and death.

In an unsettling and exhilarating poem, written when he was 29 and first printed in this collection, Larkin begins the poem in a mood of gothic horror as he waits for death to climb the stairs and open the door. But the poem ends with the arrival of death's opposite:

Light cringed. The door swung inwards.
Over the threshold

Nothing like death stepped, nothing like death paused,
Nothing like death has such hair, arms so raised.
Why are your feet bare? Was not death to come?
Why is he not here? What summer have you broken from?

The emotional force of this poem depends on its refusal to identify itself as either a wishful fantasy or a grateful recollection. Larkin pointedly titled it "Unfinished Poem"—he could never describe the satisfactions that might have followed its final stanza. When an alternative to death arrived in his later poems, it never arrived in so human a form.

In "The Large Cool Store," ten years after "Unfinished Poem," the contrast of daytime's sensible clothes and night's ruffled and fantastic lingerie propels Larkin, in a course of a few lines, from his initial fantasy of the separateness and unearthliness of women to the recognition that it is not women but his unreal wishes that escape the bounds of earth. The mere juxtaposition of two kinds of cheap clothing shows

How separate and unearthly love is,
Or women are, or what they do,
Or in our young unreal wishes
Seem to be: synthetic, new,
And natureless in ecstasies.

In the world of matter and the flesh, the only possible objects of an unreal wish are synthetic, natureless, and inevitably disappointing. A few years later Larkin discovered that the real object of his wish was not an object at all, but a bright emptiness entirely beyond the changes of nature and the heaviness of matter.

Like any more explicit mystic, Larkin could name that emptiness only in terms of what it was not. A poem with the laconic title "Here" called it "unfenced existence . . . untalkative, out of reach"—silent and beyond the grasp of words. The title poem of Larkin's last book of poems, *High Windows*, begins in his characteristic official mixture of sexual jealousy and compensatory disgust, but the poem ends far beyond it. Envying in four-letter detail the sexual freedom of the young, he guesses that, when he was young, he was envied in the same way for his freedom from religious dread. Then, as he senses through generations of envy the vanity of human wishes, words suddenly give way to vision:

immediately
Rather than words
comes the thought of
high windows:
The sun-comprehending
glass,
And beyond it, the deep blue air, that
shows
Nothing, and is nowhere, and is endless.

Larkin's revelation following rage aligns him with earlier poets whose visionary sense was more explicit. Yeats among schoolchildren, "thinking of that fit of grief and rage" that turned a childish day to tragedy, suddenly saw a vision in human form:

Thereupon my heart is driven wild:
She stands before me as a little child.

And George Herbert—a miniaturist, like Larkin, who looked out from narrow

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

places to the infinite—felt the same visionary transformation as a personal appeal:

> But as I rav'd and grew more fierce and wilde
> At every word
> Me thoughts I heard one calling, *Child*!
> And I reply'd *My Lord*.

Larkin's consoling vision could not share the personal drama of theirs, partly because Larkin wore the protective reticence that is the 20th century's vulgar tongue. (Wandering into a church, he is careful to remember that he is out of place; "Hatless, I take off / My cycle-clips in awkward reverence.") But it is not simply the fault of his century that his consolations never speak inviting words or wear a human face. Once or twice, the ideal and the human coincide, as in "Unfinished Poem," or in a late unpublished love poem four lines long that ends "there was one constant good: / she did not change." (The poem is a rare glimpse into Larkin's real private life that was apparently far less bleak than the life portrayed in his poems.) But in his darker moods he believed that

> Only one ship is seeking us, a black-
> Sailed unfamiliar, towing at her back
> A huge and birdless silence. In her wake
> No waters breed or break.

In his poems Larkin often responds to death's invitation by knocking back a stiff drink and wisecracking about the indifferent universe. But he also knew that he was isolated most of all by his own persistent refusal of a world that might have asked for his company had he been willing to listen. An early poem begins enviously, "I see a girl dragged by the wrists / Across a dazzling field of snow." Although in some later poems Larkin mocked his own youthful fantasies of "the women I clubbed with sex," in this poem his jealous wish, startlingly, is not to be the willful taker but the willingly taken—"to be / As she is," "As she laughs and struggles, and pretends to fight."

"Nothing so wild, nothing so glad as she / Rears up in me," he adds. Larkin thought himself uniquely disbarred from that wild glad surrender that others somehow managed to partake in. His last substantial poem, "Love Again" (as in many poems throughout his career, love for someone who is certainly in bed with someone else), interrupts its own envious complaint in the same way "High Windows" does, but this poem turns away from words toward a private emptiness, not an infinite one:

> why put it into words?
> Isolate rather this element
> That spreads through other lives like a tree
> And sways them on a sort of sense

"A lucid and intelligent contribution to women's ongoing struggle for economic justice that is must reading for feminists and all those in favor of redressing the historic inequities inflicted by wage discrimination."
– Barbara Ehrenreich

Wage Justice *Comparable Worth and the Paradox of Technocratic Reform*

SARA M. EVANS and BARBARA J. NELSON

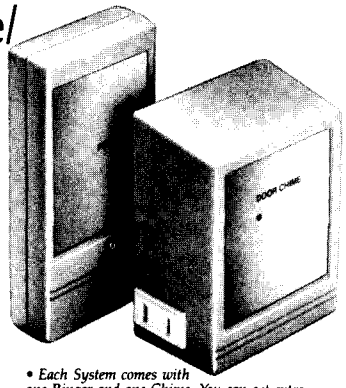
"Basing their account on both secondary research and enormously detailed primary data collection, including the first survey of workers affected by comparable worth undertaken anywhere in the nation, Evans and Nelson have written what will be a pathbreaking contribution to the emerging debate on this major policy question."– Alice Kessler-Harris, author of *Out to Work*
$24.95

The University of Chicago Press
At bookstores, or call: 1-800-621-2736. In Illinois: 312-568-1550.

Never miss another caller; be in touch with your family, with...

Remote Door Chime/ Pager System only $29.95*

But read this ad for an even better deal!



* *Each System comes with one Ringer and one Chime. You can get extra Chimes for just $19.95 each, or three for the price of two. The System runs on one 9V battery (not included). UL listed.*

It's happened to all of us: You are in your workroom, in the backyard, or in the living room with the TV going full blast. Somebody calls—an important delivery perhaps—and you can't hear the doorbell. Our wireless *Remote Door Chime/Pager System* takes care of the problem. Attach the pushbutton ringer switch on or near any door. Plug the Chime into any electrical outlet in your home. When somebody calls you hear the Chime wherever you are in your home, because you can carry the Chime with you and plug it into any outlet. There is no wiring at all—it's all done by FM radio transmission. And the System has another very useful application: It's a pager for home and office. Carry the ringer switch with you, give the plug-in chime(s) to your child(ren) and round them up when you need them. And it's a godsend of course when you have a sick child at home or anybody who might need to page you.

We are the foremost importers of the *Remote Door Chime/Pager System* in the United States. We are able to bring you this breakthrough product for just $29.95 per set. But we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $59.90 and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** Never miss another caller, another delivery, and another call from the sickroom. Get your wireless *Remote Door Chime/Pager System* today!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 621-1203
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order #1670 E914 for the *Remote Door Chime/Pager System*, and for the *Extra Chime*, give order #1671 E914. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. We cannot ship without this. UPS/insurance: $4.95 for one *Remote Door Chime/Pager System*, $6.95 for three, $2.95 for one *Extra Chime*, $4.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return and one-year warranty.

since 1967
haverhills
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And say why it never worked for me.
Something to do with violence
A long way back, and wrong rewards,
And arrogant eternity.

"Violence / A long way back." At the end of his life, Larkin's voice suddenly speaks as if from the analyst's couch to reveal private truths that his official plain-speaking voice never permitted itself to say.

Whatever that violence was, its heritage was the "wrong rewards" of an isolation Larkin only pretended to accept. Watching young couples dancing, in "Reasons for Attendance," he first insists that his lonely satisfaction in art is richer than their joint satisfaction in sex, and then cancels that insistence in the final line:

Therefore I stay outside
Believing this; and they maul to and fro,
Believing that; and both are satisfied,
If no one has misjudged himself. Or lied.

The irony cuts both ways. Larkin can only half convince himself that, when compared with those who burst into fulfillment's desolate attic, he is the less deceived.

Balanced against his loneliness, the "unfenced existence: / Facing the sun" that Larkin saw through high windows was both nothing and everything. His moments of illumination could not keep his envies from recurring, but nothing else could silence those envies when they returned. And consistently, through all the ironies and bitterness of his poems, shines Larkin's pleasure in their own making. In his most adult and accomplished poems he often retains an adolescent's gawky air of self-discovery and self-forgetfulness. In longer poems he often rolls self-defining phrases over his tongue:

Yet stop I did: in fact I often do,
And always end much at a loss like this . . .
["Church Going"]

Strange to it now, I watch the cloudless scene:
The same clear water over smoothed pebbles . . .
["To the Sea"]

And he has an adolescent's delight in closing his poems with bright sententious hopes, sometimes carefully scuffed lest a more cynical part of himself snicker at them. The stone couple on "An Arundel Tomb"

prove
Our almost-instinct almost true:
What will survive of us is love.

And the Show Saturday out in farm country gives its visitors something that deserves the same kind of permanence,

something they share
That breaks ancestrally each year into
Regenerate union. Let it always be there.

Larkin is always too reticent for loud displays of technical bravura, but he reveals more quietly his sly pleasure in his own skill. His rhymes are often hidden among the unemphasized lowlands of his sentences, so that it is possible to read one of his fully rhymed poems without noticing that it is rhymed at all. His transitions from one phrase to the next often sound solidly reasonable, until you trace the logic in detail and discover that the poem made a daring associative leap while you were blinking. "It's unhappiness that provokes a poem," he told an interviewer, but his poems console the grief that provokes them. "Do you feel terribly pleased when you've written one?" the interviewer asked. He answered, "Yes, as if I've laid an egg."

Larkin published four classically slim volumes of verse. The body of his work is now almost doubled by the poems collected posthumously in Anthony Thwaite's edition. The newly revealed poems inspire nothing but gratitude. Even the earliest—written while Larkin trained himself to be a ventriloquist first of Auden's voice, then of Yeats's—have the technical fascination of poems that are purer distillations of their literary models than anything the models ever wrote. Among the later uncollected poems are some of Larkin's most personal poetry, side by side with some of the most accomplished public and occasional verse of recent decades.

And yet the whole plan of the book seems mistaken. Thwaite prints all of Larkin's completed poems in chronological order (although the earliest poems are gathered at the back). This arrangement obscures the craft with which Larkin arranged his poems when he gathered them into his books, and created sequences of poems that were as carefully organized as the individual poems themselves. Thwaite lists the contents of Larkin's books in an appendix, but a bare list has none of the literary and emotional force of a sequence whose significance unfolds itself as the reader turns over the pages.

Editors should be wary of the temptation to build large urban renewal projects that require dismantling the smaller structures left behind by an author. The

The Shed

"These sacrifices have been offered
by men now living."
—Frazer

We would not need them for another year,
The scarecrow with the beaten metal jaw,
Its straw already dark and smelling bad.
Blades too fine for cutting what we grew.
Pottery at which no one would look,
So negligibly stubby and obtuse
It seemed, like any family's daily ware.
Racks that turned by rudimentary gears
Sprocketed grotesquely, like a game
That would not serve to haul or thresh or sow
But would be halting in the illustration
Of laws by which the heavy were brought low.

An insect-humming made these objects fierce,
As if they knew us and could spur sensation—
However long we put off their abuse,
With which our shadowy grain would overflow—

And then we could not look at the tall frame
Which, at planting, through our nightmares drew,
Many-armed as Shiva, glinting the hook
That brought the victims often on our shears.
Parts of them were growing near the shed.

Which was illusion? To see someone whose
Life last year was swift, now blind or lame
Or self-castrated, and wish he were not dead?
Or was that empty shed a hesitation
On the edge of truth, where god would reappear
Only among the rubbish and taboo
Of the human husk?

If shame is what we know,
In some way, when the next red season nears
And arrows weep down hard on the dead muck
Till we are fearful of the seed we strow
And horns whine in our ears and a tensed bell
Jangles till the piteous senses swell
And we are called to vent the breast's great well,
Our own, or someone's, in the same salvation,
When the old scarecrow works her sweetening maw,
I wonder who among us will withdraw?

Mary Kinzie

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

author knew his own work better than the editor ever will, and had his reasons for selecting and arranging his poems in the way he did. Ideally, the first collected edition published after a poet's death should be based on the last collected edition that the poet himself prepared. If, like Larkin, the poet never prepared such an edition, then the posthumous edition should reproduce the contents of the books the poet published during his lifetime. Any unpublished and uncollected poems belong in the back, divided from the published poems by a gap that respects the gap imposed by the poet who wrote them and rejected them. A chronological edition like Thwaite's has many virtues, but the poet should be given a few years to maintain his own arrangement first.

The concluding poem in Thwaite's collection is a commissioned throwaway about drinking at parties. Larkin chose a very different poem to conclude the last volume he published—a volume that he knew, when he prepared it, would be his last. Near the beginning of that volume, *High Windows*, those windows opened onto the emptiness of Larkin's solitary vision. But in the final poem, "The Explosion," Larkin invoked a lost conjugal happiness recovered in one sunlit moment of vision at the very instant that sudden death brought happiness to an end. An explosion destroys a mine, and as the tremor dims the sky,

> for a second
> Wives saw men of the explosion
>
> Larger than in life they managed—
> Gold as on a coin, or walking
> Somehow from the sun towards them,
>
> One showing the eggs unbroken.

EDWARD MENDELSON teaches English and comparative literature at Columbia University. The first volume of his edition of the complete works of W. H. Auden was recently published by Princeton University Press.

Pharaohs and Phantoms

BY AMITAV GHOSH

Egypt, Islam, and the Arabs: The Search for Egyptian Nationhood, 1900-1930 by Israel Gershoni and James Jankowski

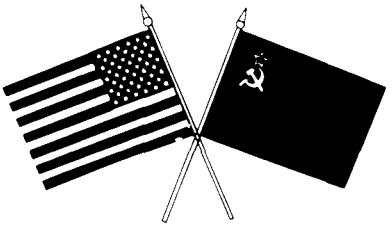
(Oxford University Press, 346 pp., $45)

Looking out over a busy street in Cairo, with its back to the cages of the Giza Zoo, squats a creature that belongs in something more extravagant than this merely terrestrial bestiary. It is a sphinx; but a beast of very different temper from her famous predecessor down the road. There is nothing enigmatic about her. Her nose is intact and her chin resolute as she gazes into the middle distance. She sits snuggled under the arm of a monumental woman whose eyes stare into the future beneath the folds of an uplifted veil. The woman, easily identified by her costume as a fellah, or peasant, appears to be her guardian; she in turn would seem to be both demiurge and household pet to the woman.

This sculpture, *The Revival of Egypt*, is one of the landmarks of modern Cairo. The manner of its making was no less weighted with historical resonance than its symbolism. It was made in the '20s, of granite quarried at Aswan and floated 900 miles down the Nile to Cairo, in a careful evocation of the methods of the Pharaohs. Unveiled in 1928, it was instantly acclaimed by politicians, writers, and journalists—not merely as a work of municipal art, but as a representation of "young Egypt" and her national aspirations.

It is no accident that a revitalized Egypt is represented here by a woman of the peasantry. It was widely agreed at the time, among an influential section of Egyptian nationalist thinkers, that the fellaheen alone had preserved the spirit of the Pharaohs, the essence of Egypt's civilization, the secret of her once and future greatness. The idea had very wide currency among the political elite—so much so that even today, when many of the other ideas associated with that period stand discredited, it is not uncommon to hear people in Cairo or Alexandria exhort visitors to "go to the fellaheen" if they wish to discover the spirit of the Pharaohs.

The trouble with this, as anyone who lives in rural Egypt discovers soon enough, is that it doesn't quite square with the fellaheen's view of themselves.



Summit Lapel Pins worn by Reagan and Gorbachev at Summit (See June 13th cover of Time Magazine). Full flag color, brass, 1/3 illustrated size. $2. Postpaid. 6 for $10.00. 50 for $75. THINKPEACE 2131 Union Street, Suite 3, Dept. 74B, San Francisco, CA 94123 (415) 885-6404 We ship within 24 hours.

MRS. THATCHER has treated the supreme office of state as a matchless vantage point from which to attack the vested interests and corrupt corporations which had constituted a sort of flabby establishment. This oppositional quality is rooted in the fact that she is a woman. Once she remarked with some acerbity that, while the cocks made all the noise, it was the hen who laid the egg.

For an introductory 15-issue subscription to NATIONAL REVIEW for just $17.95, call 800-222-6806.

Want to brush up on a foreign language?

With Audio-Forum's intermediate and advanced materials, it's easy to maintain and sharpen your foreign language skills.

Besides intermediate and advanced audio-cassette courses—most developed for the U.S. State Dept.—we offer foreign-language mystery dramas, dialogs recorded in Paris, games, music, and many other helpful materials. And if you want to learn a *new* language, we have beginning courses for adults and for children.

We offer introductory and advanced materials in most of the world's languages: French, German, Spanish, Italian, Japanese, Mandarin, Greek, Russian, Portuguese, Korean, Norwegian, Swedish, and many others.

Our 16th Year

CALL 1-800-243-1234 FOR FREE 32-PAGE CATALOG, OR WRITE:

AUDIO-FORUM® THE LANGUAGE SOURCE Room C625, 96 Broad Street, Guilford, CT 06437 (203) 453-9794

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

People in Egypt's villages are sometimes indifferent, sometimes curious, about Pharaonic remains. In either case, however, they see no more connection between themselves and those relics than the average New Yorker sees between himself and the ruins of Mesa Verde. The average Muslim fellah, like the average American, knows that the real history of his social and cultural life begins elsewhere; for him, the history of the land he inhabits does not properly begin until the arrival of the Arabs in the seventh century A.D.

Muslim fellaheen, who form the vast majority of Egypt's rural population, often construct genealogies tracing their ancestry back to the tribes of the Arabian peninsula. It is equally common to find place-names from regions as distant as Turkey, Iraq, the Yemen, and Morocco serving as family names in Egypt's villages. These attributions of ancestry are often apocryphal, but they are evidence that the fellaheen of Egypt are, in their own way, almost as cosmopolitan as the elites of Cairo and Alexandria.

At the same time, those very fellaheen also know themselves to be distinctively "Egyptian." But here is an example of how judgments about identity in the Middle East are pre-empted, in the West, by the history of European languages. The word "Egypt" (every major European language uses a variation of that word) derives from the Greek "Aigyptos"—the word that Herodotus, for example, used for the domain of the Pharaohs. (A cognate term is used in Egypt even today to refer to the Coptic Christians.) Yet the word that Egyptians use for their country makes no reference to that civilization.

Their word is "Masr," which designates a region within a wider world that includes other distinct regions, such as al-Maghreb (North Africa), al-Hijaz (in present-day Saudi Arabia), and so on, a world that once included al-Andalus (southern Spain). The different parts of this world are sometimes friendly, sometimes hostile; but whatever the current state of their relations, they are inescapably part of the same cultural universe. Thus, when somebody says of himself, "I am Masri" (I am Egyptian), the statement is rich with ambiguity: he is declaring himself to belong to a particular region *and* placing himself in a wider, more inclusive world.

The structure of the Arabic language is both a symptom and a metaphor for the ambiguities of identity in the Middle East. There are two varieties of the language in every part of the Arabic-speaking world: a formal, literary variety and a colloquial form. Formal and colloquial usages differ in every language, but in Arabic the differences are so pronounced as to make them virtually two distinct languages. (That is often how they are taught to foreigners today.) The two are used in different contexts: the colloquial at home, among friends, and in films; the formal in mosques and churches, in schools, in radio and television news broadcasts. Colloquial varieties change so greatly from region to region that people from distant parts of the Arabic-speaking world are often unable to understand each others' dialects. The formal variety of Arabic, on the other hand, is more or less standard throughout the Arab world. Any two literate Arabic speakers can always make themselves understood to each other by switching to this variety of the language.

This makes most people who speak Arabic bi-dialectal (if not bilingual). They have only to switch a few words and grammatical forms to place themselves either within the wider universe of the Arab world or within the intimacy of their native region. This adds an extra dimension to the use of language in the Middle East: it means that linguistic identity can never be a "given" for an Arabic speaker in the way that it might be for a monolingual person. Many apparently ordinary acts of speech affirm that identity in different ways.

What does one do with a world such as this, in which identities are multiple, and the sense of belonging is always layered and relative, if one wishes to mold parts of that world in the image of that which it is not, the nation-state? The patterns of identity that the nation-state demands are almost the direct inverse of this. To be successful, a nation-state must create an absolute sense of identity between a community of people and a particular stretch of territory. It must be able to command the primary, exclusive loyalty of all the people within its borders; it cannot recognize any other claims on that loyalty. It must, in effect, be able to create and sustain the illusion that across the border lies another order of reality. How does one set about creating these beliefs in cultures that historically have had completely different ways of thinking about identity and territory?

Nationalists in many parts of the colonial and postcolonial world have had to confront this question, usually without success. In fact, this question lies at the heart of almost every major conflict in Africa and Asia today. That this is so is puzzling, for the question is, after all, of the kind that usually stings poets into poetry: it is simply another version of that old and intractable problem, Who am I and with whom do I belong? There would seem to be something grotesque, perhaps immoral, about the suggestion that hundreds of thousands of people in the poorest, hungriest parts of the world might be willing to lay down their lives fighting, not for food or shelter, but for the resolution of issues whose proper battlefield ought to lie in the imagination. But that is, sadly, the simple truth.

Israel Gershoni and James Jankowski's remarkable book, which deserves to be read by everyone who is interested in politics in the Third World, is an account of one attempt to answer this question. It is the story of a revealing moment in the history of the modern Middle East: the attempt by a small but very influential group of "modernist" writers, intellectuals, and politicians to invent a "totally new" territorial and nationalist "collective self-image" for Egypt.

When the story begins, at the turn of the century, Egypt had been under British occupation for close to two decades. Formally, it was still a part of the Ottoman Empire, although all real power in Egypt had long been controlled by the British. In the latter part of the 19th century, a nationalist movement, parliamentarian in orientation and led mainly by cosmopolitan, Westernized landowners, had begun to gather momentum. Many elements of the set of ideas that the authors call "Egyptianist" were already discussed in intellectual and political circles in that period. But matters were brought to a head by the conclusion of the First World War.

By that time the leadership of the nationalist movement had been taken over by the constitutionalist Wafd party, under the leadership of Sa'd Zaghlul. The Wafd's attempts to negotiate an end to the Protectorate led to widespread protests and violence in 1919. The riots were suppressed, but at some cost; and the British were forced to the table. In 1922, through one of those intricate maneuvers at which they were adept, the British managed to concede everything and nothing. They withdrew the Protectorate and unilaterally declared Egypt's independence under a constitutional monarchy. But at the end of the day, ultimate political control remained in the hands of the British High Commissioner in Cairo. It was then that the Egyptianist cause took on a new urgency.

What exactly was the cause? The Wafd's charter of 1919 put it simply enough: to strive for the "complete independence" of Egypt. The real tale, however, hangs on that word "complete." The Egyptianists' mission was to demonstrate that Egypt "deserved" to be a ter-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ritorial nation-state in the full European sense, independent not only of the British, but also of every other kind of extra-territorial tie.

The war and Ataturk had already disposed of one such tie: the Ottoman Empire. The abolition of the Caliphate in 1924 by the Turkish nationalists (who had embarked on exactly the same mission) dissolved another. There remained, then, the question of Egypt's ties with the Arab world. It was in the repudiation of those ties that elements of the grotesque and the fantastic began to enter the Egyptianist worldview.

As part of their nationalist program, the Egyptianists launched, in effect, a campaign of "demonization," to use the authors' word, against the Arab world that surrounded it. Gershoni and Jankowski reconstruct this program through the meticulous and imaginative use of a variety of textual sources, from novels and plays to school textbooks. The intellectual foundations of this campaign lay in Paris, in the racial-linguistic theories of Ernest Renan and the environmental determinism of Hippolyte Taine.

Renan helped the Egyptianists make a connection—by way of that indefensible 19th-century elision for which the world had to pay a terrible price in the 20th—between the cultural institution of language and the biological facts of heredity. They took from him the argument that the people who spoke Semitic languages (and Renan regarded the Arabs as the quintessential Semitic people) were "incurably inferior and backward in comparison to the Indo-European Aryans," because of "the defective biological inheritance of the Semitic race as a whole." (At about the same time, some nationalists in India were taking heart from the discovery that they were as "Aryan" as the best of them; this was a time when a certain kind of Oriental was working hard at refashioning himself in the image of Orientalism.) From Taine they took the argument that the history and the culture of every people is the product of their physical and environmental conditions (their "milieu"). Putting Renan and Taine together, they produced a set of characterizations that sound like an early version of the '60s pop song about "Ahab the Ay-rab, the Sheik of the Burning Sands."

The Arab "personality," they argued, bred in the desert wilderness and fashioned by centuries of wandering, was inherently primitive, coarse, and simple-minded. Of necessity physically tough, "the Arab" was, in their view, largely a creature of the body: sensuous, and thirsty for the fleshpots that lay beyond the margins of his desert habitat. The mind of this lustful nomad was said to be incapable of dealing with time, history, and the high arts of civilization, and the culture it produced, therefore, was inevitably inferior to "Indo-Germanic" civilization.

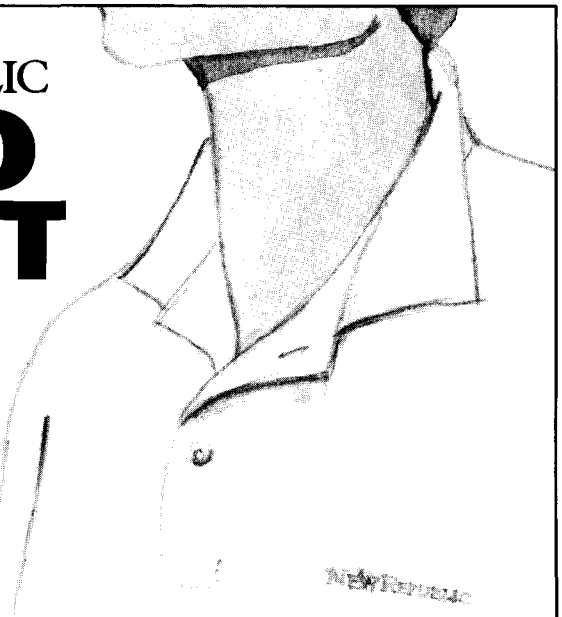
These arguments were based on false, indeed silly, assumptions. The Egyptianists defined "Arab" as Bedouin, whereas Arab culture and civilization were largely the product of the people of Mesopotamia, Transjordan, and Palestine, who have been settled agriculturists since earliest antiquity. What is significant, however, is that these arguments were offered by some of the finest writers and intellectuals the modern Arab world has produced: the great novelist Tawfiq al-Hakim, for instance, and the journalist Muhammad Husayn Haykal, among others. Taha Husayn, one of the most important intellectual figures of the modern Arab world, and perhaps the single most influential figure among the Egyptians, was somewhat more ambivalent in his view of Egypt's relationship with the Arab world.

The second step in the Egyptianists' argument lay in separating Egypt and its civilization from the lands around it. This they did by arguing that the territory of Egypt and its unique physical environment, fashioned by the Nile, created a unique and distinct race and culture, "the archetype of nations." Since the environment of the Nile had existed from time immemorial, this national personality, too, had always existed among those who lived in the Nile valley; and every conqueror who came into Egypt had to assimilate himself into the territorial personality. It was here that the fellah stepped into center stage. He was held up against the nomadic "Arab" as an exemplar of the settled virtues—hard-working, patient, calm—the repository of the essence of the Egyptian personality since the time of the Pharaohs.

The Pharaohs and their kingdoms became an index of the distinctness of the "territorial history" of Egypt, proof that Egypt, having once led the world in civilization, would do so again. For a while Egypt was treated to the spectacle of Pharaonicism unbound: to plays with names like *The Glory of Ramses*, to romances like *Nafrat, or the Sweetheart of Pharaoh*. People began to give their children name like Ramses and Akhnaton. It became the fashion for writers to experience Pharaonic epiphanies in the temple of Karnak. The discovery of Tutankhamen's tomb in 1922 could not have been more timely. "Emerging from the depth of centuries," said a prominent Egyptianist, King Tut had "become the best expression of modern Egypt's determi-

THE NEW REPUBLIC

POLO SHIRT



The New Republic is proud to present the ultimate fashion statement: The New Republic polo shirt. Fashioned out of 100% cotton and custom embroidered with our attractive new logo, The New Republic polo will become the staple of your casual wardrobe. It also makes the perfect gift for TNR aficionados on your shopping list. The New Republic polo is available in crisp white with the logo embroidered in navy blue, in adult sizes, small, medium, large and extra large. Only $24.50 per shirt plus $1.25 per shirt for shipping. Satisfaction guaranteed! Order yours today.

To: THE NEW REPUBLIC POLO SHIRT OFFER, 1220 19th Street NW, Washington, DC 20036

Please send me _____ polo shirt(s) in size(s) _____.

I have enclosed a check/money order in the amount of _____ to cover the cost of the shirt ($24.50 each) plus shipping ($1.25 each) plus applicable sales tax (D.C. Residents add 6%.) My address is:

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

Phone _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nation to realize its goal of national existence." Poor dead Tut must have turned in his sarcophagus to see himself cast in the role of a democratic patriot.

Traveling this roundabout route in their search for their nation's essence, the Egyptianists left the Masr of their countrymen behind and arrived at a version of Greece's Aigyptos. But the two principal problems in this vision of Egypt's absolute distinctness were, of course, language and religion.

Religion was summarily dealt with, in the best Enlightenment fashion, by being relegated to the bedroom. Religious belief was declared to be a personal matter that had nothing whatever to do with political loyalties. While accepting that a personal faith in Allah, and in the Muslim scriptures, might give the individual a sense of cultural affinity with other Muslims, the Egyptianists held such ties to be purely private, compatible with but separate from the domain of collective, national loyalties. This was their version of the separation of church and state, which they took to be an essential element in the progress of the modern West. There were others who took the argument further, claiming that nationalism had succeeded religion as the principal marker of identity: in other words, religion was backward and medieval, secular nationalism was modern and progressive, "the religion of the future." Others argued that Islam had been refashioned, in any case, within the valley of the Nile by Egypt's "territorial essence," taking on distinctively Egyptian symbols and practices.

These ideas, as Gershoni and Jankowski demonstrate, had a powerful influence on the writing of standard school textbooks, and were a part of the orthodoxy of the time. That this seems more than a little improbable in light of the fundamentalist truculence in the Islamic world today is an indication of how far the Middle East has moved from the ethos that prevailed there in the first half of this century. In the '20s arguments such as these may have been repugnant to many Muslims, but they were by no means shocking. The ground had been prepared for them by reformist theologians such as Jalal ad-Din Afghani and Mohammad Abduh, who, in seeking to accommodate Islamic theology to what they saw as the demands of the modern world, were in effect secularizing Islam from within.

We may be forgiven if we are surprised to recall that modernist theologians not only existed in the Islamic world, but were its dominant intellectual force for several decades. Today it appears to be a commonplace in the media that the rise of Muslim fundamentalism must be "explained" by the fact that Islam has never been subjected to secular influences. This is false, and a serious misunderstanding of the nature of contemporary Islamic fundamentalism. Since the latter part of the 19th century, the Muslim world has experienced secularism of every conceivable variety: the theological kind, the state- and military-sponsored kind (as in Turkey and Iran), a socialist variety (Albania, South Yemen, and Algeria), and of course, the quasi-romantic, literary kind (of which the Egyptianists are perhaps the best example).

The truth is that secular modernism has been the dominant ethos within the Islamic world for the better part of this century—certainly among those who have controlled power within it. Many of today's Muslim fundamentalist leaders spent their childhood and adolescence indoctrinated, so to speak, in secular rationalism—for example, by being made to read textbooks such as those produced by the Egyptianists. That is precisely why they have been able to turn both the institutions and the arguments of modernist secularism against themselves. Movements like Egyptianism are by no means an aberration in the genealogy of contemporary Muslim fundamentalism; blithely ignorant though they may have been of it, the fact is that the Egyptianists are an essential part of that history.

The Egyptianists would gladly have wished away the question of language, too. But perhaps because language was the more specific of the two problems, in a way it proved to be the more intractable: no other issue better illustrates the dilemmas they confronted. Several of them denounced literary Arabic as a foreign, "nomadic" language, inappropriate for Egyptian self-expression. ("How can we write nationalist literature," one writer demanded, "in a landscape that is in no way our language?") Their solution was to encourage Egyptian writers to use the colloquial Egyptian dialect. This dialect was said to be an Egyptian language just as the dialects of Lebanon and al-Hijaz were the languages of those regions. A greater use of the colloquial dialect would eventually lead, they argued, to the evolution of several national languages in the Middle East, in the same way that Latin had evolved into the Romance languages.

The trouble with this (quite apart from the fact that there is no single Egyptian dialect) is precisely that literary Arabic, unlike Latin or Sanskrit, has *not* evolved into a number of vernaculars, despite its great antiquity. It has a kind of historic authority that prevents such a subdivision. There is no better proof of this than the fact that even ardent Egyptianist writers (like Tawfiq al-Hakim) were never really able to achieve in their literary practice what they professed in theory. The best they could do was to incorporate elements of colloquial speech in dialogue. When it came to constructing the authorial voice, they invariably fell back on the authoritative, universal, literary variety of Arabic. It is one thing to sketch the outlines of a "territorial culture"; it is quite another to implement it when so many aspects of history and culture push relentlessly in another direction.

The springtime of the Egyptianists lasted only a decade or two. Soon the wheel turned toward a messianic pan-Arabism (a subject to which Gershoni has devoted an earlier study). A new generation of writers and politicians (and some of the earlier generation as well) began to strive toward the political unification of all Arab peoples on the grounds that Arabs "were all in the past one Arab nation." Phrased in such terms, however, pan-Arabism inevitably proved to be a no less illusory ideal than Egyptianism. Still, the swing of this pendulum appears to have set a pattern for modern Egypt, which has ever since found itself at one or the other end of this arc. As a result, in Egypt, as in so many parts of Asia and Africa, the real issue—the business of constructing political forms that are appropriate to the layered, multiple nature of social identities in those areas—has been largely ignored.

It is one of Gershoni and Jankowski's virtues that they do not caricature the views of the Egyptianists. That would be all too easy to do; the Egyptianists themselves could not have taken their own arguments at face value. Their arguments were secondary, in fact, to their real purpose, which was to construct a culture that they took to be suitable for a modern, and modernizing, nation-state on the European model. In this sense their ideas provide a good example of a certain vision of modernism in the Third World—one that is often dangerously attractive to the West. The Egyptianists never came to power (although some of their ideas continue to be influential to this day). But the Pahlavis in nearby Iran did; and they built their regime, with its assertions of Iranian "Aryan-ness" and its spectacular evocations of the Persian dynasties of antiquity, on very similar ideas. The consequences are well known.

Modernism of this sort is, in effect, a kind of social engineering: an attempt to manipulate people into professing a set

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of beliefs that are ultimately intended to serve some larger purpose. In many modernizing regimes, that purpose is to replace religion or tradition with the most banal kind of state-worship. It is no coincidence that Islamic fundamentalists have made the charge of idolatry one of the central issues in their attack on certain regimes (including the present government in Egypt). The intellectual content of Islamic fundamentalism is too often dismissed as medieval revivalism. In fact, there lies at its heart a very powerful criticism of a particular vision of politics, nationalism, and the state, and this is probably one of the principal sources of its enormous mass appeal in the Middle East today.

AMITAV GHOSH, an anthropologist, is the author most recently of a novel, *The Shadow Lines* (Viking).

Jump Cuts

BY JAROSLAW ANDERS

Double Vision: My Life in Film by Andrzej Wajda

(Henry Holt, 136 pp., $19.95)

"Films made in Eastern Europe seem of little or no interest to people in the West," says Andrzej Wajda. It is a provocative remark, if one considers such figures as Andriej Tarkovsky, Milos Forman, or Wajda himself, whose *Man of Marble* and *Man of Iron* were viewed in many countries as the epic of the Polish struggle that culminated in the rise of Solidarity. It is true, though, that during the last decade, Eastern European cinema has lost much of its excitement and its originality. In Poland, this decline coincided, curiously, with the recent period of intense social striving, frustration, and renewed hope. Such a time should provide ample material for a medium that has always relied on immediate and public preoccupations.

In the tightly controlled world of postwar Polish culture, film always enjoyed a considerable degree of latitude despite its total dependence on state sponsorship. The Communists seemed to like the movies. They liked especially the ones that could be shown at international festivals, that satisfied their snobbery, that introduced some excitement into an otherwise lusterless reality. Even cultural bureaucrats viewed the exotic world of filmmaking as the epitome of glamour, as a modern mixture of art, technology, and high living—as proof that they, too, were thoroughly civilized and European.

The highly public reception of films, moreover, inevitably turned the industry into a sort of democracy, and the filmmakers into popular figures with a real constituency. It was relatively easy to censor literature, or to stuff bookstores with unreadable drivel. But a film playing for months to empty theaters was an embarrassment; and limited distribution of popular pictures only strengthened the public's curiosity and invited conspicuous movie lines. Despite his dependence on the state's generosity, a renowned filmmaker, especially one with an international reputation, was someone to reckon with in Poland, and occasionally even his more eccentric wishes would be granted.

The story of filmmaking in Eastern Europe constitutes perhaps the most striking example of the curious, antagonistic symbiosis between some forms of art and political power in a Communist country. Nobody is better qualified to reveal its intricacies than Wajda. He established his reputation during the "thaw" of the late 1950s. Two powerful pictures, *Kanal* and *Ashes and Diamonds*, which evoked the painful memory and the subsequent political estrangement of the generation of the war, confirmed him as the leader of the so-called "Polish School."

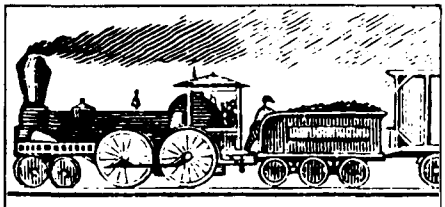
During the three decades of his career, Wajda has turned toward national mythology, history, psychological drama, poetic vignettes, and political tracts. His *Everything for Sale* was an Eastern European version of *8½*, a film about a filmmaker in a moment of artistic crisis, who wanders aimlessly among sets and characters from his past films and his past life. There was almost too much variety in Wajda's choice of subjects. In his less accomplished works, one could detect a proclivity to pathos, and to obscure symbols that seemed to circle futilely around some immense, unrevealed drama. He was criticized for his tendency to exploit prevalent public emotions, and for intel-

HOME STUDY COURSE
in economics. A 10-lesson study that will throw light on today's baffling problems. Tuition free—small charge for materials.
Write Henry George Institute, 121 E. 30th Street, New York, NY 10016, USA

CLASSIC T-SHIRTS!
Beethoven, Hemingway, Da Vinci, Jung, J.F.K., Mozart, Shakespeare, Cheshire Cat, Twain, Darwin, Van Gogh, Gandhi, Nietzsche, Poe, Thoreau, Austen, Sherlock Holmes, others.
T-Shirt: (white or lt. blue) $11.75, 4/$42.
Sweatshirt: (white or grey) $21, 2/$40.
Sizes: S, M, L, XL. **Ship:** $2.00 per order.
Illustrated brochure: 75¢ (free with order)
Historical Products, Box 220 C V **Cambridge, MA 02238**

Classical MusicLovers' Exchange®
Nationwide link between unattached music lovers.
CMLE, Box 31, Pelham, N.Y. 10803

SPEAK FRENCH OR ANY LANGUAGE
AS U.S. DIPLOMATS DO!
Self-study audiocassette courses developed for U.S. State Dept. now at **savings up to 60%!** Call or write for FREE catalog **1-800-722-6394.**
AUDIO-LANGUAGE INSTITUTE®
516 Fifth Avenue, Dept. 66, Suite 507, NY, NY 10036.



MOVING?
Don't forget to let us know so you won't miss a single issue of **THE NEW REPUBLIC.**
Just attach your old address label in the first space provided and write your new address in the second space reserved below.
Old Address (Affix label from this issue.)

Name
Address
City State Zip

New Address
Name
Address
City State Zip

Mail to:
THE NEW REPUBLIC
PO Box 56515
Boulder, CO 80322-6515

Allow 4–6 weeks for change of address to go into effect.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lectual laxness; yet he almost always managed to mesmerize his audience with a typically Polish blend of social concerns, private obsessions, and visionary dreams.

Wajda has also been a skillful player on the shifting field of Polish cultural politics. In and out of favor with consecutive regimes, he has known how to use his national and international reputation to help himself and others without compromising his position and losing artistic integrity. He has maintained good relations with more open-minded members of the ruling elite, and with opposition figures. In difficult moments, he has retreated to the theater, his second line of defense.

Wajda's state-sponsored production unit "X," disbanded in 1981, was a school for many talented young directors, cinematographers, and actors, and occasionally a refuge for film artists in trouble with the powers. The generation of the '70s is much in his debt: he provided it the opportunity to test the censors with highly political screenplays, and he struggled to see these put on the screen, sometimes after prolonged haggling with the authorities. Since 1980 Wajda has been associated with Solidarity, and became an adviser to Lech Walesa.

It is more than a little surprising, therefore, that Wajda's memoir hardly mentions the social and political context of Polish filmmaking. The book clearly does not intend to be a history of Polish cinema, an artist's autobiography, or a meditation on art and life in Eastern Europe. Sometimes it seems to be only a casual scrapbook on various, mostly technical aspects of filmmaking, sometimes merely a collection of strangely timid and inconclusive thoughts on the more general aspects of his artistic and public activity. There is almost nothing about his own approach to the rules and the limitations of his medium. On the subject of art, Wajda says that it is just "a certain amount of disinterest, a certain independence toward your subject." His main goal as filmmaker, he remarks, is "to penetrate the minds and hearts of my fellow citizens, to be able to express their hopes and worries, their illusions."

Only two short chapters of Wajda's book, on censorship and on the artist's dependence on public funds administered by politically motivated agents, are devoted to the specific conditions of filmmaking in Eastern Europe. In his discussion of the relations between the artist and the state, Wajda proposes, quite sensibly, that the state should continue to provide material resources, yet refrain from political meddling. The funds should be apportioned and administered exclusively by groups of artists operating as self-managing creative bodies. These structures should be able to provide the public with diverse and ambitious works of art, while granting the artist "a sort of double freedom, freedom from the authorities and freedom from the public."

But that seems like a simple solution for simpler times. Today, when public funds in Poland have dwindled, when new interest groups have arisen, when the political scene is losing its familiar bipolarity, Wajda's advice seems rather innocent, and overly confident in the ability of the art community to identify its interests with those of the larger society. "So I took the money offered me by the state in all good conscience, for I never considered it was my money in the first place," Wajda assures us. "I always made sure that the money found its way back to the source whence it came, namely the National Treasury."

Unfortunately, the same can be said of only very few Polish directors and Polish films. If success at the box office is to be the criterion of availability of money, it would surely be contrary to the noncommercial principle implied in Wajda's motion of a "double freedom." But if success at the box office is not the standard, where exactly would these enabling funds come from, how would the society supervise their use, and how would different groups of artists, representing different political and aesthetic orientations, resolve their inevitable money disputes?

Wajda takes a rather lenient view of censorship:

> I cut scenes, and above all dialogue, because for the censors the word is the privileged channel of ideology. Fortunately for people in my profession, film is image, or more precisely that impalpable "something" between image and sound which is the soul of film. . . . The main problem with political cinema is not whether you accept the meddling of the censors or not. The real problem is how to conceive of a work that will render them inoperative. No one can censor what he cannot understand, what transcends the imagination.

He briefly alludes to his own strategy in *Ashes and Diamonds*, an adaptation of the novel by Jerzy Andrzejewski in which a saintly Communist hero is assassinated by the remnants of the Polish wartime underground. Wajda used the main plot of the novel, but concentrated on the character of the young assassin, Maciek Chelmicki. In Wajda's film, Chelmicki appears as a charming, confused, naive rebel manipulated by the cynical commanders of the underground. The murder is presented as a tragic clash between two incompatible worlds: one victorious and potent, the other destined for the dustbin of history. In the last scene of the film, Chelmicki literally dies on a garbage heap in a fetal position, as if in anticipation of his rebirth in a new, historically correct form.

Wajda's version added moral and political complexity to the original story, but it did not contradict the official version of recent history. In the years following World War II, the predominantly anti-Soviet wartime resistance was the object of venomous attacks in Communist propaganda. But by 1958, when *Ashes and Diamonds* was made, the official propaganda had become more conciliatory. The underground fighters were presented as idealistic, even heroic, young people who had made the tragic mistake of embracing old pro-Western illusions while ignoring the new historical reality, and had been exploited by scheming, London-based politicians. The tragic mood of *Ashes and Diamonds*, which underscored the impotence of the old world, fit with the new official line.

The best Polish directors of Wajda's generation—Andrzej Munk, Jerzy Kawalerowicz, Wojciech Has, Tadeusz Konwicki—managed to make some outstanding pictures by relying on the evocative and impressionistic features of their style, while providing the censors with at least a possibility of "positive interpretation" whenever their narratives touched on politically sensitive subjects. But their younger colleagues, who started to make films in the politically charged '70s, faced a whole new set of problems, and they chose what turned out to be much less successful solutions.

They matured during the succession of Polish upheavals: the student rebellion of 1968, the bloodshed of 1970, the protests of 1975. For them, social and political concerns were the most important dimension of Polish life, their raison d'être as artists. They aimed for a new kind of social realism. Their films often portrayed an individual whose moral makeup crumbles as a result of the abnormal human relations that prevail under the political system. This new sensibility, described as the "cinema of moral anxiety," produced such interesting films as Krzysztof Zanussi's *Camouflage*, Feliks Falk's *The Playmaker*, Agnieszka Holland's *A Woman Alone*, and Krzysztof Kieslowski's *The Scar*.

But there was always something inconclusive about these accusatory statements. The symptoms of social ills were boldly exposed, but their causes had to be clouded in intricate metaphors or intimated by way of cryptic allusions. After a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

while the films of moral anxiety grew repetitive. The settings changed—a university, a factory, a theater—but the drama featured the same set of characters: a young idealist, a corrupt social climber, a cynic, a mischievous emissary of the powers that be. And the outcome was predictable: the idealist was crushed, the climber failed to achieve his goals, the cynic had no other choice but to align himself with the powerful. The mood of these films was unremittingly pessimistic; there was no redemption, no place for individual freedom, no pattern for victory.

Yet a growing part of Polish society was looking for, and finding, precisely such patterns. One sign of the search was the rise of the so-called "independent culture" during the late '70s. It started as a handful of clandestine, uncensored magazines and publishing enterprises and soon came to include unofficial study groups, theaters, and art galleries, which operated outside the reach of state censorship. In a couple of years the independent culture managed to create its own hierarchy of values, its own arbiters of taste, critics, dissenters, and literary salons—a whole new way of life for an increasing number of artists, writers, and intellectuals.

It was, however, a domain of the written and spoken word. There were some who toyed with the idea of underground film production, but the lack of adequate funding and technical facilities doomed their projects. In order to practice their trade, filmmakers had to remain state employees. This put them at a disadvantage: the independent culture had changed the standards of intellectual and political discourse, and it was increasingly difficult to meet them while working under official censorship. Not surprisingly, many filmmakers abandoned their profession to join the opposition, emigrated, or turned toward different, less controversial subjects.

If Eastern European films today seem "antediluvian" and exotic, it is largely because the constant competition with censorship, the endless game with the government, has prevented filmmakers from presenting their story as a part of a larger political and moral drama whose significance transcends the particular conditions of their time and their place. The notion that censorship "refines the metaphor" is both misleading and patronizing. Censorship, or more generally, the impossibility of saying certain things directly, distorts artistic expression and falsifies the purpose of art.

Indirectness in art is a highly individual choice. It hardly needs any help in the form of external restrictions. It answers to the fundamental need to go beyond the obvious, beyond the familiar levels of meaning. Political restrictions, on the other hand, are not quite the same thing. They transform art into an Aesopian tale in which the obvious and the familiar are related in an oblique and allusive manner. They encourage, in fact, a certain kind of artistic self-indulgence, in which the ability to outwit the system is taken for a sufficient measure of the artist's achievement, in which winking and mimicking replace intelligence and profundity.

This saddening part of the Polish "life in film" is missing from Wajda's book. Wajda was present at the birth of Polish cinema and took part in all its stages of development. He maintained his creativity in times of social stagnation and in times of rapid change. At present Wajda is a member of a select Citizens' Committee convened by Lech Walesa to supervise the forthcoming elections in which the opposition will participate, for the first time in its history, as a recognized political partner. It is perhaps unfair to criticize a book for what it clearly does not intend to be, but it is a pity, nevertheless, that the vision of *Double Vision* is so thin.

JAROSLAW ANDERS is a Polish writer living in Washington.

Crimes of the Mind

BY SVEN BIRKERTS

The Execution of Justice
by Friedrich Dürrenmatt
translated by John E. Woods
(Random House, 224 pp., $17.95)

The Assignment: On Observing the Observer of the Observers
by Friedrich Dürrenmatt
translated by Joel Agee
(Random House, 129 pp., $14.95)

Friedrich Dürrenmatt is best known on these shores as one of Switzerland's two world-class playwrights, the other being Max Frisch. Both came to prominence after World War II, tilling the then-fertile soil of European malaise. Both filtered an existential pessimism into refined, often paradoxical investigations of good and evil, guilt and accountability. Politically neutral, culturally Germanized, the status of these Swiss writers seemed to mandate that ambiguity of thought and deed should be their proper subject. Dürrenmatt's two best-known plays, *The Visit* and *The Physicists*, reconnoiter precisely this terrain.

But Dürrenmatt, like Frisch, also turned his hand early on to novels, and to non-fiction prose of various descriptions. *The Execution of Justice*, which appeared in Germany in 1985, addresses many of Dürrenmatt's familiar themes—just as the title suggests. Nothing, however, can prepare us for the innovations of *The Assignment*, which was released the very next year. Careers, too, can make quantum leaps.

In 1950 Dürrenmatt published a short novel, *The Judge and His Hangman*, enormously successful, which was the first of many speculative crime novels, what Graham Greene might call "entertainments." Here, using an intricate pattern of reversals and revelations, Dürrenmatt pried away at appearances to show what quick and unpredictable currents ran beneath the routine procedures of a police investigation. Punishments, like crimes, were matters of destiny: if the criminal always returns to the scene of the crime, it is because his capture is a necessary fulfillment of the deed. The novella was in no way an innovation, but it pressed its episodes forward with a confident rigor.

The Execution of Justice could almost stand as a companion piece to *The Judge and His Hangman*. It, too, marks no great stylistic or conceptual advance. Indeed, it belongs to the era of the earlier book; Dürrenmatt tells us in a short postscript that the work, originally titled *Wheels of*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Justice, was begun in 1957; he took it up and abandoned it a number of times before rewriting it entirely in 1985. Once again we have a crime and an expectation of the echoing call of justice. But now there is a difference: the killer steps free, apparently untroubled by even the slightest pang of remorse. (In English, the title can be read as a pun on the two meanings of "execution.")

Perhaps by temperament, and perhaps, too, because of his experience as a writer for the stage, Dürrenmatt is impatient with all the niceties of descriptive evocation or transcription of inwardness. *The Execution of Justice*, like the earlier novel, cuts its way forward in the terse, flat cadences of a police report. The conceit, in fact, is that this *is* a report, a confession set down by a dissipated lawyer named Spät in anticipation of his murder of the murderer—an execution he will ultimately be unable to carry out.

The plot (don't be deceived by the slimness of the book) is as complicated, maybe as impossible to pin down, as Faulkner's screenplay of *The Big Sleep*. Time frames and identities keep shifting; new relationships between subsidiary players emerge at every turn. But the motion of this "wheel" revolves around a fairly simple core premise. One March day in 1955, as Spät reports it, a well-known Zurich councilman, Dr. h.c. (*honoris causa*) Isaak Kohler, walks into a crowded downtown restaurant, and after a ritual exchange of greetings, shoots one Professor Winter at his table. Then, as calm as can be, he leaves, and resumes his busy life as a man-about-town. When Kohler is later apprehended at the concert hall, he gives himself up without protest. He is tried, found guilty, sentenced to prison. The whole city is baffled by what seems to be a purely gratuitous crime.

But Kohler, we soon learn, is something of a scientist, an experimenter. One day he summons Spät to the prison and offers him a rather peculiar commission. He asks the lawyer to reinvestigate his case under the presumption that he was *not* the murderer. Spät does not understand. "You are to create a fiction, nothing more," directs Kohler. He then tries to explain his reasoning:

> You see, my dear Spät, we know very well what reality is, that's why I'm in here weaving baskets, but we hardly know what possibility is. Possibility is something almost limitless, while reality is set within strictest limits, since, after all, only one of those possibilities can become reality. Reality is only an exception to the rule of possibility, and can therefore be thought of quite differently too. From which follows that we must rethink reality in order to forge ahead into possibility.

In a matter of days, Spät has plunged into a thicket of possible clues and motives so dense that he has no hope of extricating himself. The sequence of revelations defies detailing. Suffice it to say that Spät is able to construct a tissue of plausible circumstance that implicates another man, whereupon the case is brought to appeal. And when the other man—a former fencing champion named Olympic Heinz—commits suicide, Kohler is freed.

Spät cannot endure the miscarriage of justice that he has abetted. He resolves to murder Kohler and then to take his own life; his confession, he is sure, will explain everything. In the end, his plan fails. He winds up a besotted lawyer in a small farming village, regaling the locals with his extraordinary tale.

Dürrenmatt then appends to Spät's confession an epilogue in his own person (the device, I would guess, that finally allowed the author to finish the novel). He tells how some 30 years later he chanced to be at a gathering where ancient, wheelchair-bound Dr. Kohler was telling the guests the story of his crime and his release. His outrage has become something charming:

> Renewed laughter, people were having a great time, strong coffee was served, cognac. All that was left, the old man began once more, while concentrating on the ash of his cigar, which he had not knocked off but was carefully allowing to grow, was the moral question. Suddenly he was a different person. No longer a hundred years old but timeless. Whether he had killed or only intended to kill, he said, in moral terms it was the intent that counted, not the execution. . . . Everything can be justified dialectically, and thus morally as well.

Kohler continues in this vein long enough to establish the relativity of all moral constraints, then asks his daughter to wheel him away. A fitting place to end. But it is not the end. Dürrenmatt then describes his visit to Kohler's daughter, who was briefly Spät's lover, and she gives him an astonishing account of how she was raped and humiliated by a group that included Professor Winter. The elaborate architecture of her father's supposedly gratuitous crime collapses upon itself: Kohler turns out to have had an excellent motive.

I have not been able to do more than hint at the circles within the circles of connected depravities that Dürrenmatt ultimately parades before us. Perhaps it was his intent to show that the fretwork of social and personal justice cannot be safely supported by any private or collective standard, that all pretense to the contrary is sham. Well, we take the point. But somehow we are not as shocked or as distressed as we ought to be. The whole of the novella feels like a conceit that has been whipped up logically and then set to the page. The characters all have a predictable police-blotter flatness. Their thoughts and arguments, Kohler's especially, read like a writer's notebook musings on the paradoxes of morality.

What's more, we've absorbed all of these reversals and inversions before, by way of Dostoyevsky, Sartre, even Frisch, who dissected similar notions in *I'm Not Stiller* and a half-dozen other works—to say nothing of Dürrenmatt himself. *The Execution of Justice* suggests that the provocations of postwar European literature may no longer provoke; that they long ago shattered the complacency that Dürrenmatt would here assault. How startling, then, to turn to Dürrenmatt's next novella, *The Assignment*, which has been subtitled: *On Observing the Observer of the Observers*.

This work is sui generis, a late-modernist legend that pushes past the usual conceptions of self and society and finds a whole new way of rendering disturbance. While the clever circularity of the subtitle (which is not part of the book's German title) suggests the thematic concerns of the narrative, it gives a sportive ring to what is, in fact, a most chilling recognition: that our electronic technology has entirely deformed our self-conception and our behavior. When Rilke wrote in his "Archaic Torso of Apollo" that "there is no place that does not see you," he was not, presumably, referring to electronic surveillance, but his conclusion—"You must change your life"—would still apply. Dürrenmatt would probably say that for the culture at large it's too late.

INTENSITIES & ANALOGIES

by A.R. Thurar

The psychological reasons for everyday behaviors: Art, Drama, Love, Music, Religion, Sex, Sports & many others.

ECR Press, P.O. Box 1208, Stn. B, Ottawa, Ont., Canada K1P 5R3. $8 + $2 s/h (chq. or m.o.)

HOW TO EXECUTE AN AGENCY

by E. Waterhouse Allen

Wicked, informed satire about Bureaucratic Types you should recognize! Distilled from 50 years work in human service agencies. 1st edit., $3.95.

BARK-BACK
P.O. Box 235, Glenshaw, PA 15116.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reading *The Assignment* is like taking a head-first tumble down a staircase made of words. The book has 24 chapters, each a single sentence that builds velocity from phrase to phrase. Once again we have a murder and a search for a killer. But this time the crime is less a central subject, more a pretext for the creation of a futuristic scenario that will allow Dürrenmatt to expose the changed terms of our contemporary situation.

Psychologist Otto von Lambert, who has written a well-known book on terrorism, learns that his wife's body has been found at the site of the Al-Hakin ruin in an unnamed Arab country. Lambert ships her body home for burial and at the funeral hires the filmmaker F., who is working on an idea of "creating a total portrait, namely a portrait of our planet, by combining random scenes into a whole." F. is to go to the site with her crew to film the investigation of the murder. Not an everyday request, but then F. is clearly a woman who lives for such adventuring—a kind of Laurie Anderson of the dark side. What's more, the hyperventilating prose creates a climate wherein the extraordinary seems the expected.

But before jetting off, F. must consult with her friend D., a logician at the university. D. hears her out, then tells a story of his own. He has been watching people through a telescope in his home. He has observed that these same people have been looking at him through field glasses. As soon as they realized that *they* were being watched, they ran off—a fact that prompts D. to make this Gertrude Steinian peroration:

> anything observed requires the presence of an observer, who, if he is observed by what he is observing, himself becomes an object of observation, a banal logical interaction, which, however, transposed into reality, had a destabilizing effect, for the people observing him and discovering that he was observing them through a mirror telescope felt caught in the act, and since being caught in the act produces embarrassment and embarrassment frequently leads to aggression, more than one of these people, after retreating in haste, had come back to throw rocks at his house.

D.'s little story, his "banal logical interaction," is, in a sense, the metaphorical pivot for the rest of this strangest of novellas; only the scale and application of its point keep changing. Briefly: F. flies to the unnamed Arab country; she instantly finds herself in a nightmare world of cubicles and interrogations. She films, and her filming is filmed. The plot flashes forward, chapter-sentence by chapter-sentence, obeying only the paralogic of dreams. Until at last the intrepid filmmaker finds herself in what might be seen as the Ur-location of our modern world: a fortified, automated monitoring site for high-tech weaponry. World powers are testing their new weapons by proxy in a staged desert war. Everything is filmed—even the satellite filming the site is being filmed by another satellite. In the back room, under lock and key, is a fighter pilot gone mad named Achilles, who reads Homer in the Greek and lives only to rape and destroy.

Trust me, Dürrenmatt's narrative is far more compelling than any precis can indicate. The improbable plot is pressured by a sense of ominous inevitability: F. is led remorselessly to her rendezvous with the rough beast, the extrusion of what Yeats called the "animus mundi." Moreover, the ruling conceit—observer and observed—is true enough to the way things are to activate the paranoid strain in most readers. We bother less with F. and her fate, but we are riveted by the implications of the trope. For Dürrenmatt has hit upon a very real connection between exposure and aggression. D.'s insight about embarrassment leading to violence only grazes the surface.

The real issue, we come to see, revolves around identity and the authentication of existence. The more we watch and are watched watching, the less we are able to hold a self-boundary in place. And the diffusion of the sense of the real, like the sleep of reason, breeds monsters. Marshall McLuhan, the antic theorist of a world transformed by electronic technology, remarked on this very thing: "The meaningless slaying around our streets is the work of people who have lost all identity, and who have to kill in order to know if they're real." *The Assignment* finds this same horrifying logic of compensation at the heart of our late-century doings. Dürrenmatt's edgy musing may seem futuristic, but so does the daily news.

SVEN BIRKERTS's *The Electric Life: Essays on Modern Poetry* was recently published by Morrow.

Why Spy?

BY WALTER LAQUEUR

Territory of Lies: The Exclusive Story of Jonathan Jay Pollard by Wolf Blitzer

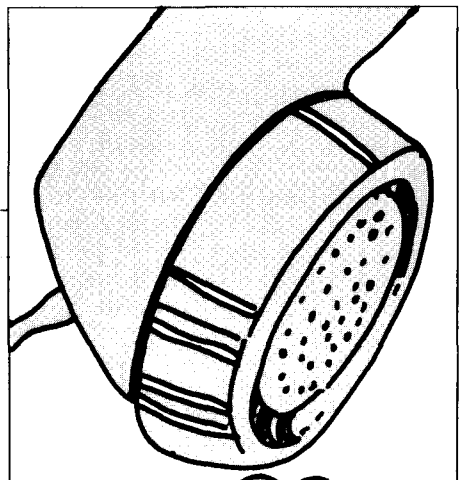
(Harper & Row, 336 pp., $22.50)

One day in late 1956 a member of the Polish Politburo named Stefan Staszewski gave a copy of Khrushchev's famous speech at the 20th Party Congress to a foreign journalist named Philip Ben, who was stationed in Warsaw. Ben, an Israeli national, represented *Le Monde* and *Ma'ariv*, and he had known Staszewski from his school days. He passed the text of the speech on to an Israeli connection; it was conveyed to James Angleton, who transmitted it to Allen Dulles, who gave it to the *New York Times*. The publication of the speech, with its denunciation of Stalin's crimes, was a major sensation. It was also the beginning of a long period of cooperation between the American and the Israeli intelligence services.

Such cooperation is the rule between friendly nations; collaboration between America and Britain or Australia has been even closer. At the same time, such cooperation has always been less than total, a fact that Jonathan Pollard found out—and was disturbed by—soon after he became a junior intelligence official for the U.S. Navy. Why this should have shaken him is not entirely clear, for the various branches of intelligence in this country and elsewhere have always kept secrets from each other and, *a fortiori*, from foreigners. Pollard decided to correct this state of affairs over a period of 18 months. According to government sources following the investigation into his activities, he transmitted "detailed analytic studies, containing technical calculations, graphs, and satellite photographs as well as data on specific weapons systems and intelligence summaries." His attempt, not surprisingly, ended in disaster, a life sentence—more severe punishment than the prosecution had actually demanded.

Wolf Blitzer, Washington correspondent of the *Jerusalem Post*, has written a book on the Pollard affair and its various ramifications that is not only exceedingly well researched, but also well written and eminently fair. Thanks to his investigation, he seems to know more about this sad affair than any person alive.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE NEW REPUBLIC SUBSCRIBER SERVICE IS ONLY A PHONE CALL AWAY.

Do you have any questions about payments? Change of address? Delivery or other subscription problems?

Just pick up your phone and dial our toll-free hotline at

800-525-0643

(In Co: 303-447-9330)

Our operators are specially trained to provide you with quick, efficient subscription service.

For most efficient service, please have a copy of your latest magazine handy. If you have a question concerning payment, please have a copy of your cancelled check in front of you so we can quickly resolve your problem over the phone.

Of course, we can still handle your business by mail if you prefer. Simply send us a copy of your address label from the front of your last magazine and your change of address or other correspondence to:

THE NEW REPUBLIC
P.O. Box 56515
Boulder, CO 80322-6515

Request for new subscriptions, renewals of current subscriptions and gift subscriptions should also be sent to the address above.

By phone or by mail, TNR Subscriber Service has never been easier.

Pollard does not emerge as an evil man. He did not engage in espionage in order to harm his country and aid its enemies (like Kim Philby or Guy Burgess, for example). And though he accepted money, he was not basically a mercenary (like John Walker or Ronald Pelton or Edward Lee Howard). He was disloyal, he lied constantly, and he was incredibly stupid; whether he should have received the maximum possible sentence is doubtful. After all, he pleaded guilty and cooperated with the government in the damage assessment. Moreover, it is not at all clear how much "irrevocable damage" was caused to the United States. According to the Washington district attorney, "There would be no question about the sentence, if we were able to reveal the kind of damage that was done." Perhaps so. But is he in a position to judge?

The case raises a number of basic questions. Why did the Israelis agree to employ Pollard in the first place? True, he was a "walk in" and worked with LAKAM, a tiny group subject to supervision neither by the Mossad nor by Israeli military intelligence. Yet someone high up must have authorized hiring him, and it would be interesting to know what this person (or these people) thought when he (or they) gave the green light to an operation that was bound to end in disaster sooner or later.

It is well known that a price almost always has to be paid for the collection of intelligence. The case of Günter Guillaume in West Germany is an excellent example. The East Germans had succeeded in placing one of their agents in a key position in Willy Brandt's immediate entourage. The operation was hailed as one of the great coups orchestrated by Misha Wolf, the former head of East German intelligence recently turned best-selling author. Seen in a narrow intelligence context, it was: the East Germans and Russians no doubt got some very interesting documents for bedside reading. But it gave them no major advantages at all. On the contrary, as the result of the Guillaume scandal, Brandt resigned as prime minister and was succeeded by Helmut Schmidt and later by Helmut Kohl, whom the Russians and the East Germans liked much less. All this for some secrets that, in all probability, were no longer of value or interest within a few months. What a price to pay!

Those employing Pollard could argue (as the Washington district attorney did) that if they could only reveal what they know and we don't, we'd see how useful the operation was. But why should we believe them? Pollard transmitted, for instance, topographical information about the PLO headquarters in Tunis and about Tunisian air defenses, thus facilitating the daring Israeli raid on Tunis on October 1, 1985. But in retrospect the raid was an event of no consequence. A few PLO militants were killed, and others took their place. If it had any impact on the PLO, it was to persuade them that old-style terrorism was not very effective, bound to lead to retaliation, and that they might be well advised to scale it down and to support the *intifada*, to which the Israelis would find it much more difficult to respond.

The kind of intelligence—political, military, scientific—that Pollard supplied may appear crucial to a middle-level intelligence official, and the temptation to acquire it may seem irresistible. But he is in no position to judge, and it is at this point that the question of the cost of intelligence ought to be raised. The Israeli case is a prime example of an intelligence coup turned failure precisely because the question was ignored. Reliable intelligence is frequently useful; sometimes it may be of decisive importance. But one can also think of more than a few instances in which the parties concerned would have been better off if they had known less. The Pollard case might well belong to this category.

The ease with which Pollard collected documents that he had no business seeing was scandalous. From this, as from many other recent spy cases, it would appear that in the age of the computer and the Xerox machine, American intelligence has become infinitely more vulnerable than ever before. Once upon a time, the need-to-know principle prevailed at least in theory, if not always in practice. Today, any one of the hundreds of thousands of people with a suitable clearance can apparently obtain information that is of no relevance for his (or her) own work. After each scandal, reforms are promised, but how effective are they? If it should emerge (as some experts will no doubt claim) that as the result of new communication techniques the diffusion of secrets has reached a point of no return, the time has come to ask searching questions—not about deterrent sentences for culprits like Pollard, but about the general value of our present-day intelligence operations. Responsibility in this respect, as in others, starts at the top.

WALTER LAQUEUR is the author of *A World of Secrets* (Basic Books) and most recently *The Long Road to Freedom: Russia and Glasnost* (Scribners).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CAMBRIDGE DIARIST

What We Won't See

ABUNDANT WORDS HAVE BEEN written about the trial of Oliver North, many of them about the symbolic triumph of justice over power. Whatever one thinks of the verdict—the innocence here, the guilt there—the process is a remarkable process, a distinctively Western process, and, in its refinements, an especially American one. One can search the world over and still not find many places where officialdom is held accountable to law. For all the éclat around *glasnost*, we won't soon see an agent of Soviet communism's bloody criminal history brought before a court to answer for his deeds. In the Third World—among the Arabs, for example, and in Africa—no one of stature is ever held responsible for anything. Another feature of the North proceedings is also worthy of celebration, and it has hardly even been noticed. The instruments of justice were 12 black men and women, mostly humble in the way they lived and probably humble in their ambitions. They rose to the heights the occasion required, with exemplary moral and mental scruples. No one outside the lunatic fringe thought that North was judged by other than his peers. This sort of triumph over a racist past is of a relatively recent vintage. But it says far more about America than those stray bits of bigoted graffiti of dubious origin that have now terrorized faculty, students, and administration at places like Smith College and Brown University into a frenzy of self-flagellation.

I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT OF MYself as being in an interethnic, interreligious marriage. My people were Polish Jews who traced their lineage back through Germany and Holland to pre-Inquisition Spain. My wife descends from French Huguenots and English Puritans. These differences in heritage, which is to say differences in experience and in values, have been, in harmony and in conflict, part of our lives and the lives of our children. Now, according to an intellectual dictum laid down by the arts and sciences faculty at the University of California, Berkeley, these divergences have been nullified: my wife and I and our children are all European Americans, a comprehensive category otherwise referred to as "other." The faculty has decided to oblige every B.A. candidate to take a course that treats three of the five following groups: Hispanic Americans, African Americans, Asian Americans, American Indians, and European Americans. It's illuminating that California's critics of First World ethnocentrism seek cultural diversity through explicitly Americanist courses. At Berkeley, apparently, the poetry of Sar Juana and Euclides da Cunha's great Brazilian epic, *Rebellion in the Backlands*, do not qualify as salient Hispanic writing. Let's imagine a literature professor designing a course in keeping with the new ideological marching orders. She chooses some black authors and is eager to bone up on some Hispanic ones from the United States, especially if someone will tell her who they are. (She also doesn't know the work of many Asian American writers. But, then, who does?) What will she do for the European rubric? She could, of course, try to grab on to the corpus whole, admitting to herself that what the faculty meant by "European" was really "white," and assign randomly authors ranging from Cotton Mather to Robert Coover. Or she might choose instead to treat, let us say, American Jewish writing, only a part of the whole. Or writers of Scandinavian ethnicity, like Willa Cather and Carl Sandburg. And why not Americans of Armenian descent? Would Melville and Emerson and Sarah Orne Jewett count as English Americans? Or are they just plain Americans? What is going on here is that intellectuals are being coerced into lockstep in a preposterous enterprise that marginalizes and Balkanizes the core of American civilization. And it does this by postulating substantial parities where none exist. This lit course, it should be remembered, may be the only one some Berkeley students ever take.

WHEN RONALD REAGAN THREATened to "defund the left," one of his targets was public broadcasting. He didn't get anywhere; and it's a good thing, because had he succeeded, public television and radio would now be ideologically monolithic. But, come to think of it, they are ideologically rather monolithic now. The difference is that at present the reigning orthodoxy is left-wing. I thought of this when the controversy over "Days of Rage," a documentary on the Palestinian uprising, erupted a few weeks ago. An altogether unabashed pro-Palestinian film, it was acquired by PBS for showing this spring. Under pressure from mobilized friends of Israel, New York City's own public station, WNYC on Channel 31, caved. Now another public station, WNET on Channel 13, which had not been involved at all with "Days of Rage," will show it instead (in the fall), along with a panel discussion or some other such contrivance to lend the airing balance. Such efforts at censorship are almost always wrong. (And they are also usually stupid, calling attention to an event that might otherwise go unnoticed.) In a column defending "Days of Rage" against its would-be censors, Anthony Lewis wrote, "Of course the other side should be heard, too. If television wants to put on a program giving the views of those who, like Prime Minister Shamir, oppose withdrawal from the occupied territories, fine." The trouble is that the other side is *not* heard—nor, very often, are the points of view in between the two sides. In the last four years there have been roughly ten stand-alone documentaries on the Israel-Arab conflict. It's a stretch to say that half of them were more or less evenhanded. But let's stretch. The others were straight-out anti-Israel. There wasn't one that argued that Israel had legitimate anxieties about handing over the West Bank to the PLO. And there won't be a documentary on public television arguing that point of view anytime soon, either.

I KNOW WHEREOF I SPEAK. Jacques Rupnik is a Czech-born, French historian of Eastern and Central Europe. He is the editor of *L'autre Europe*, a scholarly journal, and is on the staff of the Fondation Nationale des Sciences Politiques. He's written occasionally for TNR, most recently two weeks ago on democratization in Poland and Hungary. Last year he did for Channel 4 in Britain a six-part TV series on the countries of the Soviet bloc from the '40s till today. It was extremely well received critically and, as such documentaries go, also quite popular. Already it has been bought for broadcast in more than a dozen countries, and Hungary (!) is now negotiating airing rights. A book based on the series will soon be published here by Pantheon. Rupnik's producer tried to sell the series for national distribution to Boston's public television outlet, WGBH. There, two men, Peter McGhee and David Fanning, took more than six months to decide on six hours of television. They finally turned The Other Europe down. Fanning, known in town as a leftist ideologue, especially didn't like Rupnik's views, which are unfashionably disapproving of the Soviets. In the euphoria over Gorbachev there seems to be no room for bad news from Czechoslovakia, East Germany, or Romania, at least not on WGBH. Of course, many programs get rejected. But when the rejections begin to fall into a clear pattern, they amount to political censorship.

MARTIN PERETZ

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

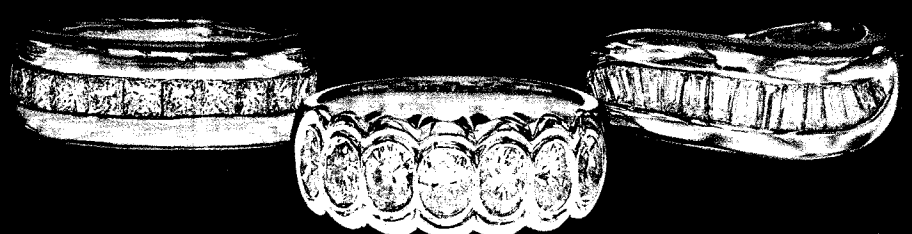
First Anniversary.

Second Anniversary.

Third Anniversary.

Fourth Anniversary.

Certainly she likes your annual gift of a nightgown. But she'd have to be Rip Van Winkle to use all of them.



This year, tell her you'd marry her all over again. The Diamond Anniversary Band.

A diamond is forever.

Suggested retail price for rings $2,500-$6,000.
For more information, call 800 777-8220.

BEST®, BEST PRODUCTS,® and BEST Jewelry® are registered service marks of Best Products Co., Inc., a VA Corp.

BEST·BEST Jewelry®

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED